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*The Memoirs of*  
DIANA GRISDALE  
M.F.H.







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DIANA GRISDALE  
M.F.H.

BY  
F. GRAY GRISWOLD



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I  
IRELAND





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## I

I WAS born at "Grisdale," on the left bank of the river Shannon in Ireland. This house stood on a hill overlooking the river. It was built in 1830 by the first Sir Anthony Grisdale, my great-grandfather. He had been a sugar planter in Jamaica, and had been wise enough to sell his plantations before the bounty-fed beet sugar ruined the West Indies. He returned to his native land with a comfortable fortune, and settled down as a sporting squire.

In the fifties my grandfather bought a pack of hounds in England, and established them in Ireland as the Limerick Hounds. My father was with his regiment, the XIII Hussars, in India, when he heard that his father had died, and that he had inherited Grisdale and some ten thousand pounds a year. Some one has said that the greatest thing to be in the world was a British squire with ten thousand a year and the reputation of having but

two thousand. My father evidently thought this was correct, for he resigned his commission in the army, married the widow of a fellow officer, who had an infant son and a moderate fortune, and retired to Gridale and assumed the mastership of the Limerick Hounds.

His elder sister, Aunt Barbara, had been keeping house for him, but she moved to the dower house after his marriage. My father's first wife lived but two years. At her death Aunt Barbara moved back to Gridale and devoted her life to the orphaned boy. He was always her greatest joy—in fact her one thought and the apple of her eye.

When Charles was about ten years old my father married my mother, who died when I was born. It seems there was consternation in the house that day: in the first place, my mother's sad fate, and then the fact that I was a girl. They expected and wanted a boy. I was as great a disappointment as most filly foals are on arrival. I never recovered from the blow I had caused.

To the day of his death my father always addressed me as "Me Lad." I was dressed as a boy,

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thought as a boy, rode as a boy, associated with men and boys, and avoided all women when I could, until I was fifteen. Then, to my horror, I had to wear skirts, put my hair up, don dainty shoes instead of hob-nailed brogans; in fact they made me just as uncomfortable as a mortal could be. I did not know which way to look. I walked with great difficulty, and caught and tore my dresses on the bushes. I did not know whether I was going or coming.

## II

**G**RISDALE HOUSE was built of grey stone, was almost square in shape with dormer windows, and had a portico of columns that faced a long, beech-shaded drive, the main approach to the house. On the ground floor there was a spacious hall with a large drawing room to the left, and a dining room and a sunny library to the right. Upstairs there were four large bedrooms with dressing rooms, and my aunt's boudoir. The long windows on the

west side of the ground floor opened on a terrace, from which one could see the river and the valley through which it ran.

The drawing room was Louis XVI in white and gold, crystal chandeliers, and tapestry furniture of the period. The dining room was paneled with natural wood, which with time had taken on a wonderful color. It had a large stone fireplace, over the mantel of which hung a hunting picture by Herring, which added a touch of color, and on the side walls one saw the portraits of the three Sir Anthonys. The hangings were of dark blue damask.

The room I delighted in was the library, the woodwork of which was a light shade of oak. There were bookcases full of books on all sides, and what pleased me most was that they were chiefly books on sport. Fishing, shooting, racing, and hunting, each had its individual section where one could find the best works on the subjects. The curtains and carpet were of a lovely shade of green. The chairs were made for men and therefore comfortable. I passed many hours of my early life curled up in one of those chairs, reading the



books by Surtees, for Mr. Jorrocks was my patron saint.

The estate, including the outlying farms which were leased, consisted of about two thousand acres mostly in grass. Our farmer bought thin cattle at the Limerick fair and fattened them for the English market.

A garden of five acres was at the south end of the house, and, as is the Irish custom, it was surrounded by a wall eight feet high. The key to the garden door, attached to a long, wooden tag, hung in the front hall, and the head gardener had a duplicate. The garden was divided into four parts by two broad walks, and where these walks crossed one another there was a marble fountain. Around the fountain there were standard roses. The south end of the garden was a riot of color, for it was planted at random with hardy annuals and other flowers. Delphiniums, pinks, sweet williams, hollyhocks, phlox, and other multi-colored blossoms bloomed according to season, and the garden walls were covered with climbing roses and clematis. The walks were edged with box, and there was a yew tree here and there. The

other end of the garden was devoted to fruits and vegetables, and against the walls of this section bifurcated trees of apples and pears bore fine fruit.

This garden was placed in my care, but I am afraid it did not receive the attention from me that it deserved. Often when I was supposed to be busy there I was visiting one of my two great friends, the stud groom at the stables or the ghillie down by the river.

There were stables and a large coach house, for luckily autos were not known in Ireland at that time; I say luckily because I believe they have brutalized mankind. A man must be kind to a horse if he wants him to do his bidding. This creates self-control, but with a machine it is different. If it will not function it is hit with a hammer. We saw the effect that machinery had had on men in the Great War. It had made them callous and brutal. There is nothing that makes man more human than association with dumb animals.

The stables were divided into two rows of boxes. In one row stood the harness horses with a fat coachman in charge. The other row contained

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saddle horses and hunters. These were under the care of my great friend Gibbons, the stud groom.

### III

GIBBONS was the busiest man I ever knew. A great horseman and a first-class man to ride, with perfect hands. I used to sit by the hour in the saddle room and watch him clean steel and polish brass; this was always accompanied by a "ph-ss-tt," whistled through his teeth. He did not seem to be able to work without this musical accompaniment. The results were wonderful, his steel always looked like burnished silver.

He told me his history, or part of it. He was born in Newmarket, his father having been a saddler. The first thing he remembered was playing marbles early one morning in Main Street, in front of his father's shop, and being picked up by the seat of his trousers by his parent to keep him from being trampled to death by a string of race-horses bound for the Heath. His father said:

“Have a look at that big bay horse, son. That is Isinglass, the winner of the next Derby in June,” and he was right, for Isinglass was the best horse of his year.

At the age of twelve Gibbons was an apprentice in the stable, trained by Matthew Dawson who had the horses belonging to Lord Falmouth, with the prospect of becoming a jockey, but he never got beyond the exercise-lad stage, for he developed too much body and too little head. He could not make the weight nor could he properly judge pace. He drifted away from racing and became a strapper in a hunting stable, which led to the position of stud groom. He was a small man who weighed ten stone at the age of thirty, and he was a bit of whipcord.

Gibbons mothered me from the time I was a child, and taught me all the horse sense I ever had, as well as instructing me in the art of equitation and in the lore of fox hunting. He was full of anecdotes, but he told me so many strange tales that they are now a jumble in my memory. I remember one!

I asked him one day if donkeys went to Heaven.



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He said: "Why not? I will tell you of one that did. A poor, mendicant friar was roaming through the country with his dearest friend, an ass. But the wretched ass was ill and about to die. So the friar sat down at the meadow's edge with the beast and fondled and caressed him. But it was of no use; the ass gave a final 'Yah . . .' and died. Then the friar wept bitterly and buried the ass and planted forget-me-nots on his grave.

"While he sat by the wayside, and tended the grave, peasants came by with calves that they were taking to the market. 'Why do you weep, holy man?' they asked. 'I weep,' said the friar, 'because I have lost my only friend, and had to bury him here.' But the friar did not dare to confess that his friend had been only an ass. The peasants said, 'Your friend must have been a good man for a holy man like you to weep over him like this. We shall pray at his grave.' And they tethered the calves and prayed that they would drive good bargains in the town.

"It so happened that the peasants' prayers were fulfilled, and that they did well at market and made much money. This they attributed to the

power of their prayers, and when they reached home they told how a holy man lay buried on the way to the town, and that it was a good thing to pray at his grave. Then many men and women, on their way to the town, stopped and prayed at the spot where the friar sat and the ass lay buried. And soon miracles began to occur. Many prayers were fulfilled, and the people decided to build a little chapel on the blessed grave. Soon the chapel became a church, and the church a famous place of pilgrimage, and in the course of years the poor friar became fat and prosperous. In time he was made bishop, and he thought to himself, 'This is a miracle among many miracles; it's not half bad after all.' But his conscience troubled him, for he had a pious soul and a pure heart, and the more famous his shrine became the more earnestly he questioned himself as to whether he should not at least open up his heart to the archbishop and confess that his holy man had been only an ass, and that the relics encased in gold filigree were only the bones of an ass.

"Finally he got up his courage to make a penitential trip to the much more famous shrine

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three days' journey away. When he had reached the church, and prayed before the altar, he be-took himself contritely to the archbishop to un-burden his heart. 'Ah,' he cried, and smote his breast, 'I have practised a deception on my people; they do not know that the holy Asinius was only an ass, and that his bones are the bones of an ass, unlike the bones of your holy man.' The archbishop listened patiently, but when the peni-tent had made an end he clasped him warmly in his arms and whispered in his ear: 'Dear col-league, be at peace and trust in God's mercy. Mine too was an ass.'"

I asked if that meant that the Saint was an ass or the donkey a saint? He said, "Take your choice, Miss."

My grandfather and my father bred their own hunters, and in my day they were all chestnuts. We had a grand chestnut stallion by Ascetic, and he by Hermit of 1867 Derby fame. Gibbons claimed that a chestnut mare (we had ten of them), bred to a horse of the same color, always dropped a chestnut foal. This interested me so much that I read up equine history, and dis-

covered that in the United States there had been a good racehorse named "Checkmate" (1875), a brown. His dam was a chestnut, and she was bred to two chestnut stallions and dropped a brown colt.

Gibbons also insisted one should never breed to a grey horse, nor buy one without full knowledge of its powers, because ninety-five per cent of greys were soft and worthless, and five per cent, or less, were great horses. The latter theory I have found to be quite true.

Our young horses were left out at grass until they were three years old, but were taken up each evening and given a little corn. They came up from pasture through a runway that contained two small jumps, a bank and a stone wall, which they had to jump in order to reach the stable and their oats. This was their first schooling. Later they were lunged over natural fences, and Gibbons finished their four-year-old education by riding them quietly to hounds. In this manner we always had a few first-class performers in the stable, all made on the same pattern with perfect mouths and manners.



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I had a man friend who once said: "If I had to live again there are two things I would not do. I would never own a chestnut horse nor would I again marry a red-haired woman." They both have warm reputations, but, so far as the former are concerned, I hardly think the color has as much to do with it as the manner of their handling when young.

Gibbons would talk about horses by the hour and I would listen to him. The following are some of his wise sayings, only his language was more picturesque:

"You want to hear my ideas about horses, Miss? The scientists say that the horse comes seventh in the line of intelligence. They must mean the stabled horse that has had his intelligence destroyed by centuries of manhandling. The horse on the veldt, or out on the range in America, is quite a different animal. Brood mares on the western plains have been known to journey eight hundred miles, and swim great rivers, in order to reach their home pastures. After long generations of horses tied in stalls, or shut up in dark boxes, is it possible for them to retain the

natural intelligence of the wild horse? I do not think it probable that they do.

“I fancy that all horses consider that man is vicious and much more ferocious by nature than they are. A horse never develops the art of self-defence if kindly treated from the time he is a foal, but if taught distrust he develops fear and hatred of man. They differ in character as much as men do. All domestic horses suffer from catarrh, caused by breathing hay dust for centuries. A range horse has about ten times the scenting power of a man, and on a windless day can smell water that is five miles away. The domestic horse has lost this power, yet must still be very uncomfortable when a highly perfumed lady takes him out hunting.

“As a rule a horse cannot see more than two hundred yards, yet his eyes differ from ours, and he has a much wider vision. As a horse’s defence is in his heels, his eyes are placed so that he may see behind him. His head widens so as to place the eyes wide apart, and also tapers above and below the eyes as well. There is nothing a horse cannot see, within his distance, by lifting or lower-

ing his head. Horses can see in the dark, and can find their way home when a man cannot distinguish the road.

“It is difficult to judge a horse’s sense of hearing, but if you watch the play of his ears it is quite evident that he hears sounds above the register of human ears, and must hear many notes too faint to impress our senses.

“Watch a horse drink at a trough. He drinks as long as he can, holds his breath, then takes another drink and perhaps a third one, after which he moves off. Race memories of the perils and dangers that lurk along the banks of lakes and rivers have been inherited.

“Horses will live on the plains in winter when cattle starve. A horse, with his solid hoofs, can dig through the snow for food.”

This and much more he told me from time to time.

## IV

MY OTHER great friend was the ghillie. The land sloped away from the back of the house. At the foot of the hill the river Shannon meandered by, and in those days held many salmon of gigantic size.

The ghillie had a small cottage at the riverside where he lived quite alone, for he was a widower. He watched our stretch of river, and fished for the house and the market as well, and passed his idle moments in building Castle Connell rods and tying flies. These were in great demand in the neighborhood. Sandy McIntosh was a very interesting man. He came from the North of Ireland, born of Scotch parents, and spoke with a very slight brogue. He was a middle aged, a tall, thin, gaunt, and awkwardly moving man, but when he fished he was the poetry of motion. As a child I used to sit on the bank and watch him fish, and was entranced by the rhythm of his movements.



He was the first man I ever heard of who fished for salmon with a greased line, and he did not do it for the purpose that Mr. Wood of Cairnton and his disciples now do, but because the salmon in some of our pools would often lie in midstream, and a long, greased line can be lifted from the water more easily than one that is not greased.

He always pulled in some line by hand before retrieving his fly, and shot it out at the proper moment on his forward cast. This gave him more length of line and added to the delicacy of the throw. There never was the semblance of a splash even when he was fishing large flies. He stood sidewise when casting, and always followed his backcast with his eyes. In this manner he knew where the fly was and where it was going, and he never failed to place it on the exact spot he was aiming for, and it would alight as gently as an insect. It was a pleasure to watch him fish.

He was a man of few words, but those he employed were usually to the point. When watching one fish his advice would be: "You should be getting a salmon." If no salmon rose, after a time he would take a fly from his hatband, for he al-

ways tied his own flies, claiming that "shop flies were too fuzzy," and say, "Be putting this on." Then later his advice would be. "Place your fly near yon rock." If that did not succeed he would say, "Be trying again."

When I was about fifteen I told him I wanted to learn how to fish for salmon. He said, "You nay can handle my weighty rod, Miss, I will make one for you." He built a light-weight, 12-foot rod of greenheart, and I then began my lessons. His method of teaching was that I was first to learn how to kill a hooked fish, for, as he explained, it would be foolish to learn how to cast first, and then to hook a salmon and not to know what to do with it.

We passed hours on the river, Sandy casting and hooking salmon, and then passing the rod to me, and as I ran up and down the bank I would hear: "Tip high," "Let her go," "Reel in," "Tip up," "Walk back." It was luckily during the grilse season, for the big salmon of the Shannon would have been too much for me and my little rod, and I should have been in the river. After some days of this exercise I became, I am

ashamed to say, quite bloodthirsty, and was pronounced "a moighty foine killer."

My casting lessons began on the lawn. McIntosh placed a white china plate on the grass, and I was put about twenty-five feet from it. The line carried a fly, the business end of which had been broken off. Enough line was stripped from the reel to reach the plate. I was told to raise the rod slowly, flip it back and up sharply, raising my arms as I did it, and when the butt was upright stop the rod, count one-two, flip the line forward and upward, and point the tip of the rod at the spot where the fly was to fall, which in this case was the plate.

It was not easy at first to follow these instructions, but after a time the fly would click the plate with regularity. It was then moved back a few feet several times with the same result. When I had mastered the chief motion, the backcast, I was given a few lessons at the riverside. Here it was easier, owing to the assistance of the river current. After a time I became quite expert, and could handle a man-sized rod and kill the big salmon, much to the delight of Sandy McIntosh.

Sandy told me never to strike a salmon unless I was quite sure it had the fly, and then to strike well, for lightly hooked fish were disappointing in the strong waters of the Shannon.

He taught me to tie knots, and I often watched him dress flies, but I never mastered his knack of following his backcast with his eyes.

As all sport is cruel, I believe in giving one's game every chance. I do not believe in mobbing or digging foxes, but I do believe one should land a salmon as quickly as possible. The theory that fish are cold-blooded and do not suffer is all very well as a theory, but I never want any fish to dangle at the end of my line for longer than is necessary.

My favorite place to fish was Killaloe, for this was fly water, and had not yet been destroyed by the great power dam. Most of the Shannon is bait or prawn fishing. This I refused to indulge in, for I thought triangles were brutal.

One day, as I was fishing at Killaloe, I rose and hooked a fine salmon. It was the most active fish I ever saw. It jumped repeatedly, and swam around the pool tossing the water into the air. I



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was delighted and fought it hard. It finally settled into a deep hole, but by changing the direction of the rod pressure I forced it to the surface and led it to the gaff. What was my horror to find its great activity had been caused by agony instead of playfulness, for it was hooked in the center of the eye. I dropped my rod and burst into tears. It was many a long day before McIntosh could persuade me to handle a rod again.

When I watched McIntosh tie flies I had also to listen to his ideas concerning the habits of fish. He was very wise and also well read on his favorite subject. He would begin by saying:

“It is well known that fish have no lungs, but breathe by the assistance of their gills. They draw water into their mouths, pass it through their gills, and extract by this method the oxygen which is necessary for life and for their well-being.

“The water in which fish live is a compound, one third of which is oxygen. This oxygen is of no use to the fishes, for it cannot be extracted from the said compound. Fish depend entirely on the oxygen that the water absorbs from the air. The air is not a compound of oxygen and hydrogen

like water, but is a mixture in which the oxygen is free and available for breathing purposes. A fish will smother in chemically pure water which is shut off from the air.

“Water absorbs oxygen from the air. The greater the water surface, the more oxygen is absorbed. The water in a goldfish globe must be renewed often because its opening to the air is so small, but a fountain in an aquarium, throwing spray into the air, takes up oxygen and replaces that which has been used by the fishes. Water plants also produce oxygen, and are therefore placed in aquariums.

“Oxygen penetrates the surface water and gradually becomes diffused. The ripples on a pond and the waves of the sea increase the area of absorption as they agitate the particles on the surface.

“There is a difference in the temperature and density of the oxygenated surface water and that of the water below. This causes the surface water to sink and the water below to rise gradually and take its place, and in turn become oxygenated by the air.

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“This automatic process continues and supplies the fish with the oxygen so necessary for their existence. The liquid content of a pond is completely overturned in the spring and again in the autumn.

“The same process takes place in the sea, only, in the sea there are vertical currents which help to deliver the oxygen to the depths. Wherever the sun penetrates the sea water, which it does to over six hundred feet in the tropics, where the sun is strong and the water clear, there are great pastures of unattached microscopic plants upon which small crustaceans feed. These tiny diatoms and copepods have very short lives, but are very prolific. Some of them produce no less than thirty generations in three weeks.

“This fertile water is a life-supporting ‘soup’ for the fishes. It is probable that the fresh-run salmon that return to the rivers have indulged in this soup diet, for they evidently have fed well and leisurely, and with no great effort.

“If one considers the conditions in a salmon river, or trout brook, one finds that the same absorption of oxygen takes place, but that it is greatly increased as the flowing current tumbles

down rapids and passes over the shallows, for air bubbles are formed which distribute the oxygen to the running waters.

“Salmon anglers well know that if the fish seem dormant on a still and windless morning, they may become more active if a breeze springs up that ruffles the surface of the pools. It is chiefly the oxygen that is thus added to the waters that enlivens the fish. A rise in the river improves the fishing for the same reason. It means a greater flow of water and more oxygen. This exhilarates the salmon and gives them an inclination to move upstream; and, having arrived in a fresh pool, they are more apt to take notice, as all things are still strange to them in their new resting place.

“Late in the season, when the water becomes warm, you must look for the salmon at the head of the pools below the rapids, for that is the best aerated water to be found. They also lie in those pools which enjoy an intake of cold brook-water for the same reason.

“In warm weather I have seen a dozen or more trout with their mouths close against a weir, attempting to obtain oxygen from the air bubbles



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caused by the water flowing through the wire network.

“Salmon fight their way upstream, struggling through rapids and leaping up falls, in order to reach the narrow stretches of their rivers where the water is more rapid and more aërated, for it is here that they are most comfortable during their ordeal of spawning, and where a good supply of oxygen is necessary, not only to hatch their eggs, but also to give life and happiness to their offspring, the parr.

“The oxygen in the air is a God-given necessity to all living creatures, as well as to all plant life, for not only does it add to their well-being, but their very existence depends upon it.”

## V

I WAS brought up by my Aunt Barbara, who had just parted with her ewe lamb, Charles, for he had been sent to school in England. When I was ten years old Cousin Charles, as I called him,

was twenty and up at Oxford. I seldom saw him, although he passed part of his summers at Gridale. When I did see him, he treated me more like a kitten than a human being; this I resented. One could not help liking him, though, for he was so good to look at and such a good sportsman and fine horseman.

He was most kind to his old aunt, the only mother he had known. He always wrote her a weekly letter which was read to me and his praises sounded. Much to his aunt's delight, he always came to visit her once a year. These were occasions of the fatted calf and the best bottle of wine from the cellar.

When I was fifteen Aunt Barbara was fifty years old. She was a small woman, very thin, with lovely brown eyes and silver grey hair. She was very proud of her hands and feet, for the former had tapered fingers and dimpled knuckles, and her feet were very small. Her closet was lined with slippers of gold and silver kid, and of silk and satin of every color of the rainbow.

When I was sent for to come to her boudoir, and saw she wore black slippers, I always knew

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there was trouble in the air, and that I was to receive a lecture.

She was kind and perfectly fair and insisted on two virtues, courage and truthfulness. A fib was worse than murder. She brought me up as a boy because my father and she were so disappointed that I had appeared as a girl, and because she loved boys; but when I reached the age of fifteen she tried, as I have told, to transform me into what she called "a lady." It was uphill work and the first cause of trouble between us. She did turn me by degrees into a woman, but not into a so-called lady for a long time. I was not quite a gentleman and hardly a lady.

My aunt had been a great horsewoman in her day, and had hunted three days a week until she reached fifty and was then stopped by a weak heart; but for years she had always had several hunters in the stable that were kept fit during the hunting season, hoping her heart would again become normal. It was like a man giving up hunting, but keeping all his boots and spurs. These hunters of hers came in very handy for me later on.

In the house she was all grey silk and lace, but when she drove out in the afternoons she looked as much like a man as it is possible for a woman in skirts to dress the part.

I looked up the name Barbara in the dictionary and found it meant *foreign* or *strange*. The first term did not fit, for she was British to the backbone and very local, but *strange* filled the bill, for I never quite understood her.

We passed our mornings in her boudoir, when I was not at my lessons with Miss Brown, the governess. I say little about her for she was quite uninteresting. She was well named, for when she was not blowing her nose she was in a brown study. Why do most governesses have the snuffles? It is most annoying.

After dinner we passed the winter evenings by the fire in the charming library, reading, doing worsted work, or playing chess. In the summer we passed much time sitting in the lovely garden.

My aunt was a charming companion, full of anecdotes and tales of her early life when at school in England. She encouraged my love for horses



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and riding, and it was she who persuaded my father to allow me to hunt when I was sixteen. He did not like children in the field, said they were a nuisance, and too apt to get hurt.

When I was fifteen I was told I should be allowed to hunt the following season if I would learn to ride on a side-saddle like a lady. I told Gibbons it was up to him to teach me. There were both nigh- and off-side saddles in the saddle-room, and I went through a schooling, riding on one side of a horse one day, and on the other side the following morning. When Gibbons decided that my seat was correct and straight, we went schooling across country, he leading the way and picking the easy places.

I well remember my first day's hunting. Although I had not been allowed to go out hunting, that did not mean that I did not know the theory of the sport, for I did thoroughly. The kennels were about a mile from the house, and a week never passed that I did not go there to watch Tom Lane, the huntsman, feed hounds. I knew every hound by sight and name, and they all knew me. I used to walk out with them after

feeding, and was well up in all the terms and gossip of the hunting field; for Lane, although a very silent man when on a horse, was full of conversation when on foot.

## VI

MY FIRST meet was at Gridale, always the first meet of the season. I rode one of my aunt's best hunters, Cupid by name. Charles was at home at the time, and was told to look after me. It was an overcast day, but fine for Ireland. It had been raining during the night, but not hard enough to make the going heavy. There were about sixty horsemen at the meet.

My Diary reads:

*"November 7th. Meet at Gridale. My first day's hunting. Rode Cupid. Fine day and good scent. Drew Home Woods. It was not long before the hounds had a fox afoot. After a turn or two around the woods we heard the welcome voice of the second whip on the south side of the*

covert: 'Tally ho! Gone. Away! Away!!' Charles and I took the path to the left while the huntsman and most of the field went down the main ride. When we reached the edge of the woods the hounds were streaming out and coming our way. We pulled up to let them pass, and Charles said: 'I thought that fox would run up wind at first; you will see he will change after a bit.' We then set sail after the flying pack, well to the right of them. Leaving Duck Pool on our right, we made for Beech Woods. They rattled him through the woods, and from there the fox ran down wind to The Privets. He did not dwell there, but crossed the road at Four Corners.

"In the field beyond hounds were bothered by a flock of sheep and a barking sheep dog, but Lane soon put them right and they sped on. This had all been across the best part of the lovely vale, on sound turf, for it is a horse and cattle country. The banks were firm and not too high for Cupid, or for me, and I was having a glorious ride. Hounds turned our way, and we found ourselves at the top of the hunt. On to The Sticks. We passed McCarthy's farmhouse and the schoolhouse two

miles beyond, where the children hung over the fence and cheered the hounds.

“As we galloped down the next field Charles said: ‘There is a brook at the bottom, go down to that willow tree, take Cupid by the head and send him at it.’ I followed instructions, but the horse shortened his stride to have a look at the water, and then all of a sudden the brook was behind me, for we had landed on the other bank with a flounder and a struggle. I heard a splash, and looking over my shoulder saw Charles on the bank with his horse’s head between his feet, the rest of the animal being completely submerged. I heard him shout: ‘Go ahead, Diana.’ I sailed away alone with no one between me and the rapidly running pack.

“While I was leading the field on Cupid I made up my mind to devote my life to hunting. It was pure and most healthy excitement, and I had never been so happy. Could I do it? If I had been a man I should have said ‘Yes,’ but, being a woman, a mass of woman’s duties flashed across my mind.

“But on with the chase! A few fields farther on



hounds checked. They spread out over a ploughed field, each hound keen to pick up the scent. This delay allowed the huntsman and field to come up. Old Vanity announced with her little shrill voice that she had found the line; the other hounds harked to her, and they sped on towards Dugan's Hill.

"Later on, in attempting to jump a narrow bank, my horse made a mistake owing to the fact that I rode too fast at the obstacle. His forefeet went through the top of the bank, and we rolled into the next field. I did at least, for on regaining my feet I found Cupid tightly wedged in a soft and muddy ditch, and I could not move him. I climbed the bank to look for help, and was delighted to see Paddy Nolan, the wrecker, coming to my assistance. At the same moment I heard the horn, and knew the hounds had killed their fox. A six-mile point in forty minutes.

"Paddy went to a nearby farmhouse, for the loan of a spade, and then shoveled enough earth into the ditch to have something solid for my horse to stand on, and he then coaxed him out of his dilemma.

“Charles arrived, and informed me that the reason my horse had fallen was that he was tired, owing to the fact that I had sailed away with a loose rein. I said nothing. I was then told that forty minutes, a kill, and a hard fall were enough for the first day, and that I must come home. It had all been glorious.”

VII

PADDY NOLAN, who had given me help, was a well-known character. He was wrecker-in-chief to the Limerick Hunt, which means that he followed the hunt on foot looking for people in trouble. He knew the run of every fox in the country, and could tell by the wind where the foxes were bound, if not headed. If any one came to grief Paddy was always the first man to turn up and give a hand for a consideration. He had been a steeplechase jockey in his day, but avoirdupois and Irish whiskey had demoted him to the wrecker ranks. It was said that during the off season he did a bit of poaching.

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One morning, as we were walking down the boreen that leads to the stables, after watching Gibbons school a four-year-old, we saw Paddy Nolan and his terrier crossing the lane ahead of us. He had a sheepish look in his eyes, and I noticed a suspicious-looking parcel under his arm.

As we passed him I said: "What, Paddy, poaching again?"

"No, lady, it would not be the loikes of me as would be poachin' this lovely mornin'. I be simply a receiver of stolen goods — a fince loike." Turning to my father, he said, "It's this way, Captain. I'm not a great meat eater nor am I one of thim herbacious boarders they call vigitarians what lives on taters and the loike. Shure Father Cassidy tells me I will niver see me Creator unless I confines meself to fish on Fridays."

He then unwrapped the parcel, and produced a beautiful grilse of about eight pounds, and said: "Whin me stomach gits that religious feelin' that Father Cassidy has given it about Fridays, me and Snooze starts before sun-up for the Rapids Pool. That pool, yer honor, is at the top of his lordship's water. He seldom fishes it, does he, for Dan the

ghillie tells me he says it be no restin' pool for fish as they pass to the squire's water above. 'Tis loikely looking water all the same, so last season I made up me moind to investigate the situashun.

"I was a-standin' behind the big tree on the bank whin I see a great commotion in the water and knew 'twas caused by an otter chasin' a grilse. It was not long before he had the salmon out on the bank, and settled down for a bite of breakfast. The happy thought struck me moind why not start a firm of fishmongers of Otter, Nolan, & Snooze, and allow the senior partner to do the fishin'?"

"We lie in the tall grass, and whin the senior appears with a salmon I says, 'Fetch it, Snooze.' The senior takes a bath, and the junior rescues the fish. It's not doin' any poachin' that I am, simply receivin' stolen goods, but it's very plain why his lordship niver has luck whin fishin' the Rapids Pool — shure 'tis the otter as takes toll of the salmon. Ye can see the marks of the otter's teeth on the grilse."

I had a good look and saw what appeared to be wounds caused by a three-pronged grain,



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but I made no comments. I simply said: "How did you happen to name your terrier Snooze, Paddy?"

"Shure, Miss," he replied, "'tis his day long occupashun whin there is no sport to be had."

"Ah, Paddy," I said, "I doubt if you and Snooze will ever see your Creator."

"Shure, Miss, it's not me that believes all Father Cassidy says of a Sunday. Last week he told us of the Tower of Babel. Says he: 'Twas full of men what spoke ivery language, and they was talkin' all at onct.' I thinks to meself they must have been wimmin that was in it, for it's them that does all the talkin'. Not that I have aught agin wimmin, for it's me that believes they be the animals that have the most attachment for man, barring its dogs. Father Cassidy says that in the old days a priest named Luther was driven out of Church and nearly gored to death by a bull the Pope sint after him. It was him that started the Protestants, bad luck to the hathens! No, yer honor, ye can't believe all Father Cassidy says, foine man that he is. Good day, Captain, and the top of mornin' to yez."

With that he climbed over the bank and disappeared.

## VIII

FATHER CASSIDY was a Wicklow man, a younger son of a large and well-to-do family. He was sent to Paris to finish his education for the priesthood. After taking orders he returned to Ireland and eventually became our parish priest. He was a small, lean, light-weight man, highly educated, and was very kindly and charitable. The whole countryside loved him. He had some money of his own which he gave to the poor, keeping little enough for his small household, which was presided over by an old woman who was a famous cook. He always had a couple of undersized, well-bred hunters in his stable, and the death of one of his parishioners was the only calamity that ever caused him to miss a day's hunting. He rode quietly and with decorum, but no day was too long, no double-ditched bank too big for Father Cassidy. He had a great eye for a fox, and

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he put me right more than once when I was in a quandary.

He was full of anecdotes. When asked one day how it happened that a friend of his, a fellow priest, had become so rotund, he said: "His parish is by the sea. Faith, he eats so many oysters that his stomach rises and falls with the tide."

He told the story of a young man who, when walking in Phoenix Park, saw a pretty girl sitting on a bench, smiling. He went up to her and asked, "Did you smile at me?" "No," she replied; — "I was laughing at you!"

They do not admire thin people in Ireland. They say, for example, "She is a foine woman — the fill of a doorway is she!" Father Cassidy received much sympathy owing to his lack of flesh. He was visiting an old woman, and as he left her cabin she said, "May the Lord preserve your Riverence, and may God forgive your cook." Another old woman refused to see the doctor because she desired to die a natural death.

Father Cassidy was greatly interested in criminals and in criminal law. He attended the Limerick Assizes, and could tell many interesting



stories of the police courts. Some of these I remember.

A woman was brought into court as drunk and disorderly. "What made you think she was drunk?" asked the Judge.

"She was holding up traffic, trying to pick up the white line in the middle of the road," said the policeman.

A man appeared with the same charge against him. The Judge asked, "What was he doing that persuaded you that he was drunk?"

"He was having an altercation with a taxi-driver," said the constable.

"But that is no evidence of drunkenness," replied the Judge.

"No, your Honor, but there was no taxi-driver there."

"What did you say the distance was, witness?" the solicitor asked.

"Twelve miles by road," said the witness.

"How far is it as the crow flies?"

"I don't know, I never was a crow," said the rustic.

In a case of assault a solicitor was examining a

witness. "You saw that the two men were fighting?" he queried. "How came it that you did not go to the help of the prosecutor?"

"Well," replied the witness, "how the divil did I know which was going to be the prosecutor?"

## IX

MY FATHER hunted, shot, or fished almost every day. He arrived home tired and retired early, so that I practically saw him only on Sunday, and those days, after church, he devoted to letter writing and his accounts. He had never taken much interest in me, although he was kind, and always greeted me with a kiss on the top of the head, but after I had won my spurs in the hunting field his manner changed. He even consulted me in matters concerning the hunt, and, at my request, allowed me to relieve him of the care of the hunt accounts. I was able to make some economies which pleased him greatly. I learned in this manner the inside history of the management of a

pack of hounds which was of great service to me later on.

I was now allowed to hunt twice a week. No more was permitted by my aunt, as I was still a growing girl, and in the "making of a lady." We had two years of great sport, as the weather was mild and we had little frost. I was well mounted and enjoyed myself thoroughly, and was even allowed to ride the young horses when Gibbons had decided that they were safe to ride across country. It was a delightful life.

I was reading in the library late one afternoon and my father sat at his desk writing. He was very sorry for himself, as he had been housed for a week with an attack of gout. As the clock struck seven he phoned the kennels.

"Are you there? — Is that you, Jimmie? — Have the hounds been fed? — Has Lane had his supper? — Well, tell him to come up to the house when he has finished, but not to hurry."

Fifteen minutes later Lane appeared, cap in hand, and the following conversation took place:

"What sort of a day did you have, Lane?"

"Quite the best run of the season, Sir Anthony."

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“ You don’t mean to say so! What happened? ”

“ We found the straightest necked fox that I can remember that made a bee line for the Tipperary woodlands. They say it’s a long way to Tipperary, and no doubt that fox thought it so. We found and went away directly. The pace was so hot across the brook that they scarcely threw their tongues at all. I cannot remember such a scent this season. I almost took a header into the brook.

“ What horse were you riding, Lane? ”

“ I had my second horse, the spotted one we call ‘The Leopard,’ the horse you bought from Daly. My boots were full of water, and my horn choked with mud. We came perfectly straight over the grass to Cosoorn, the fox going right across the middle of the meadows — Tarquin and Countess were the leading hounds, they having wiped the eye of old Vanity. They kept beating me every yard they went, and were at least a quarter of a mile ahead when they checked. Some boys rabbiting had headed the fox. I managed to steady them and hold them over the turnpike road near Colleen. A beautiful sight they were as they swung down the ridges and across the open as if bound



for the Hill. The fox could not face it, so sank the wind towards Wildwood. I never hunted a gamer fox. Here some sheep crossed the scent. If I could have blown my horn, or if Jimmie the whip had been there, I could have held them over it, but, as good luck would have it, that wide-ranging bitch Bountiful picked up the line across a ploughed field beyond. I could have killed the fox five minutes before I did if he had not baffled the hounds by running a ditch around a large grass field. It was about eight miles straight on end as the crow flies in fifty minutes. My horse was done to a turn. The fox, a very large one, with a brush as long as my arm, must have been a Lochinvar after one of our vixens in the Home Wood, for he went straight away on a bee line. Graceless and Governess of this year's entry asserted themselves for the first time today, so you were wise, Sir Anthony, not to allow me to draft them."

"Yes, Lane, I was certain that they would prove useful. They are rightly bred — in a straight line from old Forester. It is the best blood in the kennels, Lane, and breeds true. That blood develops late, however, and you must give them time, Lane,

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time. I feel certain that Gambler and Governor of the same litter will also shortly become prominent, but young doghounds are usually more backward than bitches of the same age. Give them time, Lane, time. Good night, Lane."

"Good night, Sir Anthony. Good night, Miss Diana."

My father clutched his crutches, stood up, tottered to an armchair by the fire, made his game leg comfortable on a stool, and put his head back for a short nap before dinner; and I heard him murmur, "Are you there? Alas! I was not!"

My father enjoyed telling tales of the good old days when men both rode and drank hard, but I had my doubts on this subject. They no doubt had good appetites and thirst, for it was the custom to hunt at daybreak and dine at noon.

I fancy many of the so-called four-bottle men belonged to the "Mahoganites," as they were called in those days — men who rode hard and at a terrible pace about the time of the production of the second bottle, yet had their legs under a circular mahogany table. Or they may have been like the old M.F.H. who was very keen at finding foxes,



but when once found would shout, "Now ride, ye devils, ride! I'll jog home to dinner!"

My father was convinced that the reason why the French Revolution did not spread to England was that during the XVIII century the nobility and gentlemen of fortune lived mostly upon their own estates in the country. They had little intercourse with London, but obtained their supplies from the nearest market town. This brought the small tradesmen to the houses of the great, where they were made welcome, and often entertained in the steward's room. This created a friendly intimacy between town and country. The landlords were on the best of terms with their tenantry. The old English gentleman — fond of sport and of fox hunting — was a national asset, and was popular and respected by the country people.

In France it had been otherwise. Prior to the Revolution the nobility lived and spent their money in Paris or at Versailles, and seldom visited their estates. When they did so, as the result of a passing caprice, they usually found their châteaux in a ruinous condition. The mass of servants they

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brought with them were an insolent, plundering lot, and most unpopular. The tenantry and peasants were down-trodden and impoverished, and never saw their masters.

My father had been military *attaché* in Paris, and had studied the hunting in France. He said their *vénérerie* was far older than our lore of fox-hunting, and that many of our sporting terms were derived from the French. For example, "Tally ho" probably was originally "*Dans les taillis en haut*" — "Up in the backwoods," a cry often heard in England after the battle of Hastings. It became changed by degrees just as "Route du Roi" has become "Rotten Row." At one time they hunted the stag in the Bois de Boulogne, and it is said that the Comte d'Artois once ran a stag into the present Rue Royale. Bagatelle was the favorite *rendez-vous*, and it was here that the Duc de Berri entertained after the *chasse*.

Napoleon enjoyed hunting as much as did the Bourbon kings, but he dispensed with their retinue and pomp of the chase. He hunted when the spirit moved him, so that the Grand Forester of Fontainebleau was always on tenterhooks, for he

never knew when the Emperor might appear, and ask for a report on harbored deer.

My father said further that Lafayette had sent a pack of French hounds of large size to General Washington in Virginia, where he hunted the American grey fox. The red fox was not indigenous in America, but was said to have been imported from England by a Mr. Smith, and introduced into the eastern shore of Maryland. From there it emigrated across the ice to Virginia during the cold winter of 1779-80, when Chesapeake Bay was frozen over.

II  
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## X

**J**UST before my eighteenth birthday I was sent for by my aunt and informed that she was not at all satisfied by the progress I was making in my endeavors to become what she called "a lady." She therefore had decided to take me to London for the season, where I would come in contact with real ladies and gentlemen.

Charles was looking for a small house and stables, as my aunt intended to send on two horses for me to ride in the Park, and also the coachman, four harness horses, and two carriages. I asked her what use she expected the Irish coachman would be in London, and she replied that he would do very well with a local footman who knew the way about. This I doubted, and I was quite right, for the first time we got into a jam at Hyde Park Corner he nearly fell off the box. The London traffic was too much for him, so he returned to his Irish boreens.



I said good-bye to my two good friends. The ghillie said, "I hope you may have a tight line in London, Miss," and Gibbons advised me to be sure and not miss the running of the Derby. We arrived in London during the first week in May.

The tiny house that Charles had taken for us, on Sloane Street, was like a pigeon loft. It was very narrow, with a small hall and dining room on the ground floor. The stairs that led to a long drawing room were as steep as a ladder. The small bedrooms were above. It seemed very shut-in to me, who had been used to space and large rooms at Gridale, but we managed somehow, and even gave banquets of six. We had our good cook with us so fared well; in fact we always had, for my aunt loved good food as a man does, and was most particular as to how it was prepared. She interviewed the cook every morning.

It is a well known fact that Anglo-Saxon women as a rule have but little palate for good food, which accounts for the poor table one finds these days in England and America. Most women eat because they must, and their greatest idea of bliss is a bite of dinner on a tray in bed. A male

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*gourmet's* dinner is a sacred function. He desires to dine in peace and refuses to be interrupted.

In France it is different. Cooking there is an art, and a good *cuisine* is still to be found, especially in those places where the wine is good, for when the wine is good man eats slowly, which he must do to *déguster* his food properly.

To me it is a pleasure to see a Frenchman approach his mid-day meal, rubbing his hands together at the prospect of good food, and when at last with coffee and brandy he lights his cigar he seems steeped in a peace that passes all Anglo-Saxon feminine understanding.

I was told in America that they at one time had a celebrated *cuisine* that was brought to Louisiana by the French *émigrés*, and was known as "Créole cooking," but that it was hard to find these days. What destroyed the table in America was prohibition, for without wine there can be no good cooking, and without good wine the pleasures of the table cease to exist and eating becomes simply one of the necessary functions of life.

Soon after our arrival in town my transformation was begun. My hair was waved. I was pulled

about by dressmakers for tailormades and ball dresses, the latter exposing my dimpled shoulder blades for the first time. I was then fitted with hats and told to smile. It seemed that a different smile fitted each style of hat, from a broad smile with a wide-brimmed hat, to a smirk when wearing a toque. I was then placed under the care of a Monsieur Deuxtemps to learn how to walk, waltz, and curtsy. He smelled so strongly of patchouli that it made me feel faint.

When I was properly dressed I was taken to Symphony Concerts at Albert Hall. These I did not understand in the least. I was told to follow the theme, but to me it seemed like a day's fox-hunting with a very poor scent. The Opera was better, and I was enchanted by Melba's heavenly voice.

My greatest joy was the picture galleries. I visited the National Gallery often, and found that I had a better eye for line and color than an ear and comprehension of music. I had never seen any good paintings, so what I now saw was a revelation. I liked the few pictures by El Greco best. There was a something in his paintings

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which I could not explain by thought or word that did not seem to exist in any other artist, either ancient or modern.

Cousin Charles, being in the Guards, lived in town in bachelor chambers at the Albany. He was most kind and attentive to us, and treated me more like a sister, only more pleasantly so, for he did not take things for granted as brothers seem to do. He it was who had engaged the servants and rented the house and stabling for the horses in a nearby mews, and he had in fact made us quite comfortable. He had the full confidence of my aunt, so I was allowed to go anywhere with him that he suggested.

He took me racing now and then. I saw Flying Fox win the Derby at Epsom, and later on saw Cyllene capture the Ascot Gold Cup. These two great race horses were to develop later into grand sires, one in France and the other in the Argentine. They were both a great loss to England.

Ascot I thought wonderful. I did not suppose so many brave men and well dressed women existed in the world, and when the blades of grass on the lawn of the Royal Enclosure turned black



after a shower I was amused when told that it was varnish off the boots of the dandies.

Charles also took me out in the evening to dinners and to balls, when my aunt did not feel strong enough to chaperon me. We also went quite often to the play. I had never been to the theatre, so it opened quite a new vista of thought in my young mind. Then I enjoyed the shop windows in Bond Street, which displayed many novelties quite unknown to me. I loved to roam about and look at them.

Charles refused to ride in the Row. He said it bored him, so I had to ride alone, which I did not mind, for to me a horse is quite the best company in the world.

The head lad had arrived with the two most quiet horses in our stables — Whirlwind and Solano. They were breezy by name, but not by nature. I planned to ride every morning in Rotten Row, so as to get a breath of fresh air in my lungs, for London at first was most depressing, and I missed the green fields and the sunsets; in fact I was very homesick for Grisdale and Ireland. Hyde Park, which was quite near, saved my life. I could



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always steal away when bored and sit there under the trees with a book.

When we became settled I started my daily rides (followed by my pad-groom) in the Row at eight o'clock in the morning. I rode Solano, for I found the side-saddle fitted his round withers better than it did the other horse. Solano was a delightful horse to ride, with good gaits, a good mouth, and a limber neck that responded to a light hand. There were no two better looking horses in the Row than my two chestnuts.

The Row had begun to lose its glamour. My father had told me of its great splendor in the seventies and eighties when it was so crowded at twelve, and again at six o'clock that you could not find space for a trot, much less a canter. The ladies all wore tightly fitting habits and silk hats. All the men were arrayed in black cutaways, dark blue trousers, varnished boots, and box spurs with top hats on their heads. Almost every man had an orchid or a gardenia in his buttonhole.

Hundreds of pounds were paid for good-looking hacks, and every man and woman of note was followed by a well mounted pad-groom. It was

the latter that helped crowd the ride. For half a mile on both sides of the Row the walks were crowded by a fashionable, well dressed throng that sat in chairs under the trees and watched the glorious cavalcade, or leaned over the rails and chatted with their mounted friends. Smart carriages stood along the adjacent drive, their occupants watching this wonderful pageant. It represented probably the greatest collection of wealth and fashion ever congregated, for every one of note in England would be assembled there.

In my day matters had changed. There were still many about that were smart and well mounted, but others in mufti riding screws that they had begged, borrowed, or stolen.

## XI

WHAT bothered me most in London was the question of sex. I was quite sex wise so far as domestic animals were concerned. A child cannot go through the canary-bird stage, followed by

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rabbits, cats, and dogs without becoming wise as to the ramifications of sex. The rabbits have bunnies, the cats kittens, and the dogs puppies, and it is not difficult to discover the reasons for these additions. Parents of the present day are often worried as to how they may explain sex to their growing children. All they have to do is to give their offspring plenty of pets, then no explanations are necessary.

Until I went to London I did not appreciate what a hold sex had on mankind. I had thought that marriage was sacred, and that married people kept their marital vows. I was therefore greatly shocked at what I saw and heard. Marriage seemed to be a financial contract for convenience, and the vows were meant to be broken. The competition among the married women for the smiles of the unattached young men was horrid, and then again they could not stay put, but were always changing lovers, and when bibulous old Majors fawned over my bare shoulders I became quite ill.

It did not take me long to learn many things I had not known. The gossip and backbiting among

the women astonished me. The men seemed to be of a better sort, and played a game that was more fair. They were as a rule pretty silent, and expected to be entertained by the women, for they seldom exerted themselves to please the fair sex. London was a man's town and his rule was supreme. I found that if I wanted to be a success I had to become a chatterbox.

These were the people I was to associate with in order to obtain the veneer of a "lady." I came to the conclusion that my two friends, the studgroom and the ghillie, had quite as good manners and much better morals; they were also much more intelligent, for they did not confine their conversation to people and racing, but were interested in things and facts.

London is a very large city and no doubt contains all kinds of people, many of them possessing great intelligence, but they did not move in our set. One met a popular author or playwright now and then, but, although they were known to have written many interesting books and plays, they were tongue-tied and never spoke, at least they never seemed to do so.



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The chief topic of conversation was racing, and, as it went on all summer at easy distance from London, every one who could followed the race-horses from racecourse to racecourse. They all seemed to bet, every servant even having his or her half crown on the chief events.

This manner of life had changed London completely. The Row was empty except in the early morning. The best people lived near Ascot for the better part of a week in June, and at Newmarket for two weeks in July. The noted smartness of London was fast disappearing. The people in general I found hospitable and apparently kind, yet it seemed to come more from habit than from the heart, and out of sight was out of mind.

There were of course exceptions. Lady Glassel, an old school friend of my mother's, was most kind. We often went to her house to tea and she introduced us to her friends, obtained invitations for me, and took me to the Opera.

She gave me good advice, such as:

"Do not marry a hunting man, my dear, unless you propose to devote your own life to the same sport. A man who hunts six days a week is



not much use as a husband or for a companion. You must be up betimes for breakfast if you wish to see him at all, for he is off early, and when he returns after dark he usually is so tired that he dines in bed after a hot bath. Sundays he is sure to sleep late and pass the day writing letters. When you bring him up to town for the season he becomes 'full of beans' and above himself from good food and lack of work, and if you do not take up a few links in his curb-chain he soon is chasing every petticoat in town."

Then there was a charming distant cousin of mine, the young and beautiful Lady Cairnton. She was happily married and had two lovely children. She was the only perfectly happy and contented woman that I met. We became great friends, and she always gave me good advice.

Many of the women I met were very standoffish and needed a lot of knowing. What I really missed was the openhearted cordiality that I had been used to in Ireland.

My Diary reads:

"*May 15th, 1899.* My first ball. At Lady Glas-sel's. We arrived after some delay owing to the

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number of carriages approaching the house. Her ladyship received at the head of the staircase. We were announced by a stentorian voice 'Miss Grisdale and Miss Grisdale,' and we then found ourselves struggling in a mass of broadcloth, silk, and satin. Charles joined us, and then passed his time in introducing young officers and dancing men to me. I found that the French professor had taught me well, for I had little trouble in getting into the swing of the waltz. The heat I found oppressive and the combination of different scents unpleasant.

"As I was standing, between dances, talking to a young guardsman, I asked him to tell me who the middle-aged and distinguished looking people were who were sitting around the ball room. He pointed out about twenty that I already knew by name, and added a few descriptive comments concerning their social history. I listened with surprise, and came to the conclusion that only youth was pure.

"I became very warm and leg-weary after a time, so Captain Gracie and I sat in the conservatory and chatted pleasantly until supper time.

I went down to supper with Bertie Trevor, and enjoyed that very much, not so much the supper as the quiet away from the noise of the ball room. I took compassion on my weary aunt and went home after supper. It was an experience well worth while, but not to be repeated too often. Ordered the horses for the following morning at eight as usual."

## XII

I HAD the good luck to be invited to fish the river Wye for a week in June. I dined one night with Lady Cairnton and met a nice man, an angler, who had leased a fishing on the Wye for the season. The river being in flood, he and his charming wife had come up to town for a few days. When they discovered that I was keen about fishing they asked me to return with them for a week.

I found their stretch was on the left bank of the river, and that it extended for about three and a

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half miles. It was called the Nyth Water, and there was a comfortable bungalow on the banks of the best pool in charming scenery. Heather-clad moors and mountains and lovely flowing waters. The best of the pools were named James Catch, Cefn Shore, Lewis, Never-say-die, Agin, Jack Dunn, Fernant, the General's, Pull-y-vadd and Isaacson. Two pools may be fished from a boat, and two others from the land.

These were placed at my disposition. My host fished the others, as the wading was too difficult for a woman who was not well acquainted with the rocks and ledges. It was a poor year, and we did not have much sport as there were few fish in the river, caused, my host thought, by over-netting. I landed a few grilse and two good salmon, one weighing 30 pounds on a 3/0 "Thunder and Lightning," the favorite fly on the river.

What interested me most was the great beauty of the Wye fish. They have small heads, a graceful taper and a very small wrist to the tail, and are of a brilliant silver, with snow-white bellies. They differed as much in looks from our Shan-



non salmon as a thoroughbred horse does when compared to a half bred hunter.

We had delightful fishing talks during the evenings before an hospitable fire, for it was a cold, wet season. What I learned then and in later years is:

The river Wye was called Vega by the Romans, and its Welsh name is Gwy (pronounced goo-i). The ending "gwy" or "wy" as in Lhugwy or Edwy means "water." The river rises in the bogs of Plynlemon, not far from the source of the river Severn, at an elevation of about 2200 feet above sea level. With its tributaries it drains over 1600 square miles. About ten miles below Rhayader a tributary, the Ithon, falls in on the right hand bank, and the Irthon does likewise on the opposite bank of Bulith. These are the two largest affluents, and both harbor salmon. A little below Rhayader the Wye divides the counties of Radnorshire and Breconshire until it enters Herefordshire at Hay.

The river meanders on with many turns and bends, passing villages and towns, the most important of which are Hay, and Hereford where



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Nell Gwynne was born. One hundred and fifty miles from its source it joins the river Severn, and the latter empties into the Bristol Channel.

The Conservation Board divides the river into five sections — above Bulith, Bulith to Hay, Hay to Hereford, Hereford to Ross and Ross to the Severn. In the main river alone there are fifty miles of good spawning grounds above Hay.

From the sixties to about 1910 the river, from overnetting and the indulgence of "Wye white-bait" (smolts), had become almost entirely devoid of salmon. In 1865 a Board of Conservation was formed and licenses issued for both nets and rods, yet from 1882 to 1901 the rod average for the whole river was but 68 salmon a year.

Some ten years later matters began to improve. Mr. Hotchkiss, "the grand old man of the Wye," succeeded in buying up all the nets that fished in fresh water, for they by this time were of little value owing to the scarcity of the fish. The Wye was brought back to productivity by simply allowing nature to take its course. In 1927 the rod catch of the Wye was 6,145 salmon, and the controlled nets in the lower river below tidewater

took 4662 fish. Since the passing of Mr. Hotchkiss the good work has been continued by Mr. J. Arthur Hutton of Hampton Bishop.

## XIII

ONE morning as I was riding in the Row I was attracted by a very smart-looking man who was riding quite the best-looking mare that I had seen. I am afraid I stared at the mare; her rider put an eyeglass in his eye and had a good look at me.

One night at a ball, during an interlude in the dancing, Charles came to me and said: "Captain Guy Lovat of the Lancers asks to be presented, Diana." I looked around and saw my equestrian friend. I found him far better looking without his hat. He asked me to dance and took me down to supper. He was not in the least as I expected, not at all forward, and he did not mention our meeting in Hyde Park. He was so cheery that I asked him if he was Irish. He said, "No, but my mother luckily was." Later in the evening I could

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not help watching him as he moved about the ballroom, now talking to Lady Cairnton and dancing with several young women. Among all those high-bred men he was quite the smartest. As we drove home down Park Lane I saw him strolling along smoking a cigar, and I longed to join him. I believe I would have done so had not Aunt Barbara been sitting beside me in the brougham. I was comforted, however, when she said: "A Captain Lovat was presented to me and asked if he might call at Sloane Street."

He joined me in the Row the following morning, and, when not on duty with his regiment in Aldershot, we always rode together. When he came to call my Aunt said she did not fancy him much. Later, by my advice, he gently complimented her on the size of her feet. She then pronounced him a "charming man with very good manners," and it was the correct description.

We became great friends, and, after a time, he told me his history. His parents had died when he was quite young. He had been brought up by tutors and at school, and had never had any home

life. It had been Eton, Oxford, a year's travel, and the Army. He had come into his property without the slightest knowledge of money, and had promptly lost most of it racing. He now owed money to the Jews and bookmakers which he was paying off slowly. What kept him going was his mother's money, which she had wisely left in trust. He said: "My only outlook seems to be to marry money, but that seems to me to be the worst jump in the steeplechase of life." He added, "I have been very foolish and I regret it." I sympathized with him.

He began one morning to talk sentiment. I told him I had been brought up as a boy, and that there was not an ounce of sentiment in my body. I then asked him if we could not be good pals without any nonsense, and he replied, "Certainly, if you wish it so." I should be ashamed to say how often during the next two months I regretted having made that remark, for I became very fond of him, and a tender word now and then would have been a great comfort. Being a sportsman he kept his word. He was kindness itself to me, and always seemed to have one eye



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on me at balls, for if I was stranded, he always turned up promptly.

One day, for I saw him almost daily, we visited a picture show, and I was quite surprised at his flair for paintings, and how much he knew about art, it seems that when at Oxford he had a professor of art as his friend, he had studied under him, read all the books he had been given by him, and had visited the galleries of Europe with him in the summer time. Art had been his favorite study. I asked him to explain to me what art was. He said: "Art is a feeling one has, a sensation when looking at or listening to something that is beautiful. If you have not got it, it would be impossible to explain it in words. The best definition I know of is what some one wrote:

"'Art is the beauty which the imagination has created, and which awakes in the observer an emotion of pleasure similar to that of the creator.'"

I said, "How about Art Nouveau?"

He replied, "That is not art at all; it is simply clever craftsmanship."

Captain Lovat was most intelligent and a good



talker. He did more in a month in transforming me from a hoyden into a woman than Aunt Barbara's strict orders had succeeded in doing during three years. He was the sort of man, I fancy, that can only be found in England—a man who “smells strongly of horse and stable,” but, if you converse with him, you find he is full of intelligence and with a great knowledge and love for all things beautiful.

Other people were not pleased with our pleasant friendship. Lady Glassel informed me that I was playing a desperate game flirting with the Lancer, and that I was being talked about, also that Captain Lovat owed his position in society to many years of devotion to an aged Duchess, but that he was at the same time trying to marry a Miss Gaunt, the only child of a rich brewer. I knew the latter lady, and found her a good soul, and well named, for she was quite angular.

I told her ladyship that I was after all only a bird of passage in London, and that it was immaterial to me what people said. I also told her of the friendship pact between Guy and me, which did not seem to impress her in the least.

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Then Charles came to Sloane Street and read me the riot act. He told me I was foolish to ride with Captain Lovat every morning. He said he was in an awkward position, for it was he who presented Guy to me, and that he was honor bound not to slang a brother officer. I said: "Charles, dear, you are quite right: honor thy brother officer that thy days may be long in the land the Lord thy God giveth thee, and leave it at that. I will do likewise." Charles said no more, but looked very sad as he went upstairs to see Aunt Barbara.

I then consulted Lady Cairnton. Her opinion was: "Do not let any one put you off in your friendship for Captain Lovat. I have known him for years, and know him to be quite worthy of any friendship you are willing to give him." To tell the truth, people were so busy in London that only those directly interested even noticed what one did. Guy and I remained fast friends for as long as I was in town, and it was a delightful friendship.

I met another man in London of quite a different sort who interested me greatly. He was

a Major in the "Bays," who had seen much service both in India and in Africa, a gallant soldier, and covered with medals. He was much beloved by his fellow officers, and both loved and feared by women. He was a handsome, dark man, with a heavy brow and a satanic look — in fact he was known in the army as "Satan." He was celebrated for his nerve and for his strange actions which were always unexpected.

There was a pretty and young American widow in London who drove to Hurlingham one evening to dine. As she was leaving to return home, this gallant soldier asked for a lift to London. They had not gone far when he undertook to "rough-house." The lady told him to keep to his corner of the brougham or he would be obliged to walk to London.

The Major said: "Have you heard the American Ambassador's last *bon-mot*? It seems a lady asked him at a dinner party what he thought was the most beautiful thing in the world. His answer was, 'Why, a beautiful woman of course.'

"'Yes,' replied the lady, 'I feared you would say that, but next to a beautiful woman?'

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“ ‘Sleep,’ said the Ambassador! With this the Major folded his arms, put his head back and slept all the way to London. On being left at his club he made a low bow and said, ‘Good night, I trust I may have the pleasure of sleeping with you soon again!’ ”

There was another American woman in town at the time who was delighted when the Major asked her to come to his house to tea one afternoon. He lived in a small corner house that had an entrance on each street. It was most convenient for a rendezvous, and it was said that it was often used for that purpose by a friend who was much higher up in Court circles than he himself.

When the lady arrived she was very indignant at finding the tea table set for two only. She left at once, but not before he had asked her if she had expected a “band of music.” That night at a ball he cut her when she greeted him. Later in the evening they met face to face in the supper room. She stopped him and said, “I am sorry if I offended you.” His reply was, as he walked away, “I never give a woman a second chance!”

I was warned against him, but he amused me



by his nerve. One never knew what he would say, or what he would not do. His sallies concerning people and their foibles kept me laughing. We became friends, for, strange to say, the young Irish girl seemed to appeal to him. There was evidently something in my makeup that was novel to him. I had great difficulty at times to keep him at arm's length.

Early in July I was invited to pass a week-end at Carberry Castle. We were a large party, and Major Blade, for that was his name, was also invited. We had a fairly dull time as there was no sport to be had at that season, and as I did not play golf or bridge I was bored.

On the Sunday night I crept away early to bed. I undressed, put on a dressing-gown, and got into bed to read. My room was enormous, at least thirty feet long with a great gilt bed, with heavy damask curtains, on a dais. The maid had told me that Queen Anne had slept in that bed when on a journey South. I thought it quite possible, for it was big enough for both William and Mary.

I was reading by candle light, and it must have been quite late, when suddenly a door, which had



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been hidden by a curtain, opened, and I saw "Satan" in a red velvet smoking suit, with a lighted candle in his hand, walking towards me. My first thought was, if it were only Guy. I was not in the least frightened, but speechless with astonishment. He put the candle on the table, sat down in a comfortable chair, lighted a cigarette, and said, "I could not sleep so thought I would come in for a chat."

I said, "What colossal cheek."

He replied, "Not at all, only insomnia."

I tried to persuade him to go back to his bed, but he kept on soliloquizing in a weird manner.

He came over at last and sat on the edge of my bed, and I was foolish enough to stand up and hit him on the head with a pillow. This started a pillow fight around the room with sofa cushions for ammunition. He chased me about, but I was quicker than he. Knowing that to call for help would be hopeless, as my voice would be lost in that great barn of a room, in passing I pulled a bell-rope I saw hanging on the wall. To my horror a loud gong sounded throughout the house. I had pulled the fire-alarm rope instead of the

one marked "service," which was on the other side of the fireplace.

The first to arrive was the butler with trousers hastily drawn over his nightshirt, followed by footmen with a ladder, hooks, and buckets of water and the chef with a fire extinguisher. Then the host and hostess arrived in nightcap and curl papers.

They found me sitting on the bed sobbing. I told them I had had a terrible dream about the castle being on fire, and, when half awake, had pulled the bell-rope not knowing that it was a fire alarm. What they thought of my story I do not know, nor did they ask me to explain the overturned furniture and the pillows and sofa cushions that were distributed about on the floor. I was put to bed and given sal volatile and supplied with a hot water bottle.

At the first sound of the gong "Satan" had fled behind the curtain into his bedroom, and later appeared at the door of my room, and seemed much amused at the proceedings and my predicament.

We went up to town together the following

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morning, and he apologized for getting me into such a scrape. He said he had seen me so often with Guy that he had come to the conclusion that I was fair game and no Vestal Virgin, but that he recognized his mistake and was very sorry. I was not invited to Carberry Castle again, and no wonder.

“Satan” amused me with his stories about people. Being Irish I enjoy wit and love to laugh. The two great emotions, love and laughter, are mental as well as physical, and are both to be rated according to their intensity, but I have never been able to make up my mind that the listener who shouts with laughter really enjoys the joke or funny story as much as does the *raconteur*. His fun is internal and he simply smiles. “Satan” never laughed, but a sardonic smile would pass over his countenance when he said anything that was funny.

There was a very small Hebrew whom one often saw in social circles. Of this man he once said, “That is the nicest Jew I ever knew — because he is the littlest.”

He said, “You may know that the old Duke

of B. is very devoted to a fashionable Gaiety girl who is young enough to be his granddaughter. She sits beside him on his coach as he drives in the Park. Two men were reading the notice of a Charity Concert on a bill-board. The names of the Patrons had the letters K.P. — C.B. — M.P. et cetera after their names. One man said, 'What do the letters K.G. mean that are after the Duke of B's name?' 'Why, Konnie Gilchrist' was the ready reply."

It seems that the eldest son of Queen Victoria disliked Windsor Castle because her Majesty objected to smoking. As it was not comfortable to smoke in the garden in the rain H.R.H. had "W.C." painted on the door of a small room in the Castle, and would retire there with his friends and enjoy the comforts of tobacco. One day, as Her Majesty was passing along the corridor with the Prime Minister, she asked what "W.C." on that door meant. He said, "I asked the Prince that question, your Majesty, and he said it meant Windsor Castle."

One day in the Park "Satan" drew my attention to a fine looking man who was passing, and



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said, "He was once invited to a country house, and his lady-love was of the party. Their relationship was so well known and acknowledged that they were usually placed in adjoining rooms, but on this occasion the hostess was a trifle old-fashioned, so that when the Colonel lighted a candle for his lady as she went upstairs to bed, he said, "How am I to find you later on?"

She plucked a fuchsia blossom from a plant that was growing in a *jardinière* and said, "You will find this flower in the keyhole of my bedroom door."

A wag on his way to bed chanced to spy the fuchsia. He removed it and placed it in the keyhole of the door that led into the bedroom where the host and hostess slept. Later on, when the house had become quiet, the unsuspecting soldier finally found the fuchsia, opened and shut the door quietly and jumped into a bed where two were company, but three a crowd. The *reveille* was sounded earlier than usual the following morning, for the Colonel was breaking camp.



## XIV

I WAS taken in to dinner one night by an interesting man. He was an American and a sportsman who had just come from the river Dee, where he had been salmon fishing. He had hunted hounds for over twenty years, and had fished for more than twice twenty years. I asked him which he considered the more interesting sport, and was surprised when he said fishing.

He said: "I will qualify that by saying that this is my opinion now. If you had asked the question twenty years ago I would undoubtedly have said hunting, for, as a young man, I would not look at a fishing rod. Only horse and hound appealed to me. Angling is perhaps after all an old man's game, for much patience is necessary, and youth is usually too impetuous. There is no doubt that hunting is more exciting, yet the sensation of taking a large, fighting marlin, or active tarpon, is hard to beat.

"Hunting is a somewhat restricted sport, but

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you find fish in many waters. I have enjoyed my fishing, for it has broadened my views of the world and on life. It has taken me to many countries, and many places, where I otherwise would not have gone. Fox hunting at its best is restricted to small districts in few lands.

“I consider hunting a selfish sport, for only the privileged may enjoy it, while fishing is a sport for every man, irrespective of age or condition. Except in the early autumn, the setting for hunting is at a time of the year when the countryside looks its worst, while during the best of the angling season the riverside is at its very best. The trees have donned fresh green leaves, the flowers are all abloom, and the birds are nesting. This is conducive to contemplation and pleasant thoughts.

“The span of a fishing life is much longer than that of a hunting life. A man at fifty is not as good to hounds as when he was younger, but an angler at seventy may be quite as skillful as he was at thirty.”

He then told me the following stories:

“Late in the season, some years ago, I journeyed

to Aransas Pass, Texas, to fish for tarpon. I had a long and dusty trip by train to a town called Rockport. The following morning the mail boat, a sloop about thirty feet long, took us to a small fishing camp on Mustang Island, just inside the Pass. The only other passengers were three sheep ranchmen bound for a weekend's fishing for small fish. They were large, fat Germans, and each carried a green tackle box and a rod.

"It is about fifteen miles from Rockport to the island. We had sailed about ten miles when suddenly the three big men fell upon the floor of the cockpit and began to struggle and fight. At last out of the mass of arms and legs there appeared the hand of the undermost combatant holding a small pompano which had jumped on board. It seems that before leaving home they had made a pool of \$5 each which was to go to the man who caught the first fish.

"I did not let the three sportsmen know that I understood German, so enjoyed a flow of language which I would not have heard under other circumstances as to whether the under-dog, who

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had the fish, had won the pool or not. He claimed he had, the other two insisted that 'caught' meant taken on rod and line.

"We found a very small shack on the Island kept by a man and his wife. He sat on the piazza all day in shirt sleeves smoking a pipe. The wife did what she called cooking. She fried everything from eggs to coffee.

"That night it began to rain in torrents, and it continued for two days. 'It was the first rain on Mustang Island in seven years.' The roof of the bungalow was a perfect sieve, and the kitchen utensils were distributed about indoors to catch the valuable fluid that was falling.

"The three Germans and I sat before a fire of driftwood, arrayed in rubber coats, and discussed the question as to whether the pompano had won \$15, or not. It was the only fish taken during their outing, for the rain having colored the out-running current a dark brown color, fishing was impossible. The waters in the Pass run ebb throughout the twenty-four hours, so that the Gulf was also discolored as far as one could see. When the three gamblers departed on the third



morning the argument was still on: 'Had Schulze won \$15 or had he not?'

"On my return to New York I dined with a noted lawyer who was much amused at the pompano story, so I put the following proposition to him:

"A man has risen and hooked a salmon, and is having some difficulty in landing it. As it circles the pool it passes an anchored canoe in which an angler is fishing. He drops his rod, and does what some bloodthirsty men cannot resist—he gaffs the fish. The question is, who owns the salmon? Is it the man on whose hook the salmon was hung, or does it belong to the gaffer? My legal friend said, 'The possessor owns the fish.' I did not think so from the standpoint of a sportsman. My friend said a case in point would be, 'suppose you were walking in a line of guns, partridge shooting, and a bird flew down the line. You fired and knocked a few feathers out of it, but if the bird flew on and was killed by another gun, the bird would certainly be his.' I said, 'Yes, but the customs of fishing differ from those of shooting. If a man is fast to a fish in a pool in



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which you also are fishing, it is the custom to haul your killick up and allow him the whole pool in which to kill his salmon. A man who gaffs another angler's fish, except at the latter's request, is a poacher, and poachers have no legal right to the fish they take.' As my legal friend was not an angler, he insisted that 'possession was nine points in the law.'

"I went one season to fish for tarpon at Captive Pass on the west coast of Florida. The Pass is a cut between two islands through which a strong tidal-current runs that carries the waters in and out of San Carlos Bay. The method of fishing is to anchor your rowboat, allow your baited line to run out about one hundred feet, and await developments.

"At the time we were six fishermen living on a houseboat in the Bay. The night before my story begins one of these anglers, a dealer in fishing tackle, showed us a new reel he had just invented. It was a beautiful thing to look at. It was silver plated and had bejeweled bearings, but I had my doubts concerning its strength for heavy fishing.

“We were all anchored in the Pass the following morning, when two of the fishermen suddenly had strikes, cast their buoyed anchor-ropes overboard, and began to float on the tide and fight their fish. By degrees the two boats approached one another, and many strong words passed from boat to boat about ‘getting out of my way’ and ‘crossing of lines.’ The rowboats finally drifted side by side, and the two fishermen then appreciated that they were both fast to the same fish. They had been working hard, for they had hold of something heavy, and were also pulling against one another. What the poor fish’s sensations were I do not know! Just before the weary fish was brought to the surface, the tackleman, for he was one of the two fishermen, put on a little extra pressure, and as he did so his reel exploded and he found himself gazing at a naked rod, for the rest of his gear had gone overboard. The fish proved to be a heavy jewfish that had picked up the two baits. One wet line being shorter than the other, the fish had evidently taken the bait on the long one first, and then on a slack line had gorged the second bait also.”

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He said further: "I am a mining engineer by profession. This has taken me to many distant lands, and I have always been impressed by the manner in which the Englishman tries to take a bit of England with him no matter where he may be or under what conditions. If you meet a British officer, either civil or military, in the midst of a jungle, out on the veldt in Africa, or even on a distant island in the South Pacific, perhaps quite alone among the natives, you will find that he keeps up his morale and the respect of the people that are about him, by always dressing for dinner. Many civilians under the same circumstances do likewise.

"Some years ago I was prospecting for gold on the island of Java. One afternoon, after cutting our way through the jungle, we found a narrow road or lane. We followed this for about two miles and came to a clearing. Here stood a small house with a wide verandah and a thatched roof. I told my men to clear a camp for themselves, and that I would inquire at the house if they could put me up for the night. As I approached the bungalow I saw that it was surrounded by a

grove of orange and lemon trees, with a palm tree here and there. I found no one at home, but from the back verandah I was surprised to see a couple sitting in a flower garden that was protected by hibiscus bushes, having tea, but what astonished me most was the tea table. On an immaculate white table cloth stood a complete silver tea-set, from steaming kettle to toast-rack. There was also a cut-glass jar of jam, a frosted cake and the usual tea cosey. It reminded me of Maidenhead-on-Thames. It was the vegetation only that was different.

“The couple rose to meet me with great civility, and, when I had explained who I was, they told me that I was welcome to pass the night, but that they did not have much to offer in the way of hospitality. The lady was presented to me as ‘Mrs. Snowden.’ She was a delight to look at, in a white, linen dress with a blush rose pinned in her pink sash, and on her lovely blond head a wide Leghorn hat, trimmed with a pink ribbon. She was what is called a fine woman, a type seldom found out of England, and very rare these days of hollow chests and drooping shoulders.



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She was just past the meridian of life, in the forties. The man was older. He had the upright figure of a soldier, and his hair was turning grey. He was dressed in a brown cotton riding suit with a broad-brimmed hat, and wore spurs. The lady spoke of him as 'the Major.'

"He said his 'coffee estate' had done well at first, but that a cloudburst and tornado had destroyed all the coffee plants, and that the falling price of coffee had prevented him from replanting, but they had remained on the 'estate' because they found it a pleasant residence.

"I took a stroll with the Major after tea and saw plainly how the jungle was gradually encroaching on what was once a coffee plantation. We later adjourned to the verandah for a 'peg' before dinner. As the clock in the house struck seven the Major sounded a gong and then said, 'It is time to dress for dinner.'

"I said, 'I trust you are not taking that trouble in my honor.'

"'No,' he replied, 'we always dress for dinner. I will show you your room in the left wing, the coolest room in the house.'



It proved to be a latticed and insect-proof corner of the back verandah. Here I found a hammock, a bamboo washstand, a tin tub, and a jar of cool water. My dressing consisted of a shave, bath, and clean flannel shirt.

“As I passed through the living room I saw my hostess in a petticoat putting the finishing touches to our dinner, while the Major in shirt sleeves was pulling a cork from a bottle. In the centre of the sitting room there was a large bowl of flowers on a table with books, magazines, and sporting papers of ancient date.

“I was sitting on the verandah in the dark when dinner was announced by what I thought was the butler, but it proved to be the Major in a rather shabby dress coat, but snow white shirt, tie, and waistcoat. The lovely lady was dressed in a low cut, slightly faded, blue silk dinner dress, with pearls and bangles, and a small wreath of hibiscus flowers on her shapely head. She was a dream of beauty, and in the pale candlelight appeared to have regained her youth.

“It was a buffet dinner, ‘for we do not like yellow servants.’ To me, after weeks of canned

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food, it was a feast. We had a fruit cocktail, a fish from the nearby brook, a roast turkey, vegetables from the garden, tropical fruits, wonderful coffee, and Manila cigars. For drink we had whiskey and soda.

"In those days 'coffee — coffee' was the chief subject for conversation in Java, but the question was not even mentioned, nor was any notice taken of the excessive heat or the insects. Such things were beneath notice. They talked of Hyde Park, Piccadilly, Bond Street, discussed the breeding of the last Derby winner, and of the weather during Ascot. After dinner the chief topic was the condition of grouse in Scotland, and as to who would join the pater's shoot on the coming 12th. 'Bertie and Malcolm were sure to be there!'

"On a stroll in the early morning I discovered they had a native boy who cared for the garden and the quadrupeds. The latter consisted of a cow and an antiquated mule, apparently their only mode of conveyance.

"I hated to leave the charming couple, but the lure of gold was too great at the moment, so I departed after breakfast.

“When I returned to Batavia I sought information concerning my friends, and was told at the Club that a couple answering my description had arrived in Batavia from India about five years earlier, but that their name was not ‘Snowden.’ Gossip had it that he was the eldest son of a nobleman in England, and that when stationed in India he had resigned from the army and had bolted with a brother officer’s wife. On his arrival at Batavia he had bought the coffee estate without seeing it, and the couple had disappeared into the jungle. Later on, in Hongkong, I was sorry to hear that the lovely lady had died of jungle fever, and that the Major had returned to England. His father having died, he had come into the title and the estates that went with it.”

## XV

WE DEPARTED for Ireland at the end of July. The night before leaving London Charles and I dined with Lady Glassel in Great Cumberland

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Place. I had an old Colonel next to me at dinner who told me all his woes, and how his children pestered him with demands for money. He said that when he was young children did not dare demand money from their parents, but that times had changed.

I looked down that long dinner table, where all was good cheer and laughter, and wondered how many of the persons present were without their individual worries. There sat our host, drinking more champagne than was good for him, probably trying to forget the fall in Consols, for he was a banker. Sitting opposite to him was my lady, the picture of a charming, well-bred hostess. Gossip said she had a past. I wondered if she was ever disturbed by ancient history, or if her memory was short? Then there was Guy with his gardenia, pleasantly entertaining the lovely Lady Cairnton. He looked as if he had never had a care in the world, but I knew better. Opposite him sat Miss Gaunt, very worried at Guy's attentions to the lady on his right. And so on, all around that table, family skeletons poked their heads out. I then thought of myself going



away and leaving my heart with Guy, and he not even knowing it.

It came very hard, later in the evening, to say goodbye to Guy before all those people, but I managed it somehow, and left the house with tears in my eyes, a great lump in my throat, and a pain in my heart. As we left the house Charles said: "Let's dismiss the carriage and walk across the Park to Sloane Street. It is a lovely night."

We had not walked far before Charles began his lament. Part of it was as follows:

"Do you entertain no affection, no regard for me, Diana?"

"Certainly I do, Charles dear," I replied. "Have we not been constant friends since childhood?"

He became greatly excited, and said: "Am I never to be more than a brother to you? Never to have a larger share of your regard than I have now? Listen, Diana. I half promised Aunt Barbara not to speak to you until you came of age, but I cannot keep the promise for I am so afraid of losing you. I love you fondly, Diana, and want you to be my wife!"



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I stood stock still with astonishment, and did not know what to reply. I had always considered him as a brother, and a good and constant friend.

Then Charles said: "You know what I mean, Diana; is it — Yes or No?"

"Give me time to think it over, Charles," I said. "I have promised my father not to marry until I come of age. It seems this was a request of my mother's before I was born. She desired that if a daughter survived her she should be requested not to marry until she came of age. My mother evidently regretted that she had married when so young. There is time for thought — I have great love and esteem for you, Charles dear. I cannot say more now." By this time we had reached Sloane Street and I said, "Good night, Charles, pleasant dreams." If he did not have a more restful night than I had he must have slept very badly.

Aunt Barbara and I left for Ireland the following morning.

I became greatly interested in London as a city, for until then I knew Dublin only. I was much impressed by the fine buildings, wide open

spaces and many trees. The makers of the growing city had been wise indeed.

I went to the British Museum and studied the old maps, for the XVIII century interested me greatly.

I found that many great palatial residences belonging to the nobility had been pulled down to make way for the ever increasing traffic, and for other reasons.

When King George II held court at St. James' Palace, his son, the Prince of Wales, resided in Leicester House, Leicester Square, which was a social centre at that time. Salisbury House, Northumberland House, Harcourt House, the early Devonshire House, and numerous others have disappeared. When Lord Burlingame built Burlington House where it stands today, it was surrounded by green fields. The second Devonshire House was built in 1737, and was followed twenty years later by Coventry House, now the St. James Club. Apsley House was erected by Lord Apsley, afterwards Earl Bathurst, when he was Chancellor, and at that time, and until 1825, there was a toll-gate at Hyde Park Corner. Between Apsley

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House and Hamilton Place stood the "Hercules Pillars," a tavern.

In those days, before the massive Club buildings were erected, Pall Mall and St. James's Street were lined by small shops, an example of which is "Lock's the Hatter" in lower St. James's Street.

The game of Pall Mall was not played as is supposed where the street of that name is today, but where the Processional Road now is. It was a game played with a rather small ball and a "Mall," a scooped club the size of a golf club. The ball was driven through hoops, similar to croquet hoops. The contest was who could drive the ball through the greatest number of hoops. Charles II is said to have been such an adept in the art that he could drive a ball right through the full length of the walk.

St. James's Park has greatly changed since the days of the Merry Monarch. The ornamental water way built by Le Nôtre was a long canal that extended from a road that passed from Carlton Gate, to opposite Prince's Court. South of the canal there was a moat forty feet wide, its waters being supplied by the canal. It ran parallel to the

canal until it approached the Bird Cage Walk. It followed the Walk until opposite Queen's Gate and it finally joined the canal.

Within the moat was the island and its Plaisance where the Merry Monarch and his boon companions passed so many joyful hours. At the southwest end of the canal Rosamond's Pond was once found, but in 1770 Le Nôtre's scheme was destroyed by so-called modern improvements.

III  
HUNTING





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## XVI

ON MY arrival at Grisdale I found that it had been a wet season, and that there was good water in the Shannon, so that McIntosh and I were kept pretty busy fishing. I also helped the stud groom with the hunters that were being made fit for the coming hunting season. Cub hunting began early, but was interrupted in October by the fact that the Boers had declared war.

My father called me into the library one morning and informed me that, as he had been a soldier by profession, he felt it to be his duty to go to South Africa at once. On his arrival there he obtained a command in the African Horse. He said further that it was too late in the season to find a Master for his hounds, and that he had decided to leave them with me. I was to keep the expenses down, and reduce the hunting to two days a week. He felt sure I would have little trouble, and he hoped the war would not last into another season.

I was to trust to Tom Lane, who was quite dependable as far as the management of the kennels and the actual hunting were concerned.

I was pained that my father was going to face the risks of fighting, but delighted that I was now Diana Gridale, M.F.H. I accompanied my parent as far as London, and, after he had sailed away, proceeded to acquire a man's full kit of hunting togs, for I did not believe a Master on a side-saddle would impress the field. I had my hair bobbed, went to Tautz for pink coats and leather breeches, to Bartley for boots, and to Maxwell for my spurs. I then returned to Ireland, and for two years practically lived in boots and breeches.

Aunt Barbara was in despair. She saw all her good work destroyed, but I comforted her as much as possible by sewing and doing worsted work in the evenings. She was good sport enough to know that I was forced by circumstance to go back to the manly conditions of my earlier days.

I passed much time at the kennels. One day Tom Lane said: "I have lived with hounds all my life, and have studied them and found that

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they are very individualistic. You will find brave hounds and others that are rank cowards, gay dogs and sullen ones, hounds that are honest, also scamps, brazen bitches, and bitches that are coy and shy. Then you will find gluttons and shy feeders, poachers, thieves, and even murderers. One season we were greatly disturbed by finding that every now and then a hound would be killed during the night. We removed the known fighters, but the slaughter continued. We then had the kennels watched at night and caught the murderer in the act. It was a good hunting, docile appearing hound named Pirate. He had appropriated a certain place on the bench. If he found another hound had taken his place, or if he was disturbed when asleep, it meant murder. We removed him from the kennels and had no further trouble. A hound that is shy in kennels will often be quite different in the field, and *vice versa*. Out hunting you have keen, busy hounds, good workers, and others that just follow along, skirterers, and some looking for the dole. The really bad hounds are destroyed and not allowed to reproduce their bad traits. I often wonder what the

result would now be if this method had been adopted long ago with the human species."

I was very well mounted for I had the selection from the stables, my aunt's good horses, and those from my father's lot which Gibbons thought would not tire me too much, for they were strong going, and much above my weight.

We found a good supply of young foxes, and the new entry of hounds worked well, so we finished the cub hunting with a good prospect for sport.

The first regular meet of the season was on November 3rd. I received quite an ovation on the opening day. I had little trouble with the field. So many had gone to the war that the followers were greatly reduced in numbers.

I made up my mind to make a study of fox hunting—the art of it, I mean. I followed the huntsman as close as possible, but never in his way, and studied Lane's every action with a keen eye, also I noticed what effect these actions had. If I did not understand some move of his, he would explain it to me on our way home.

We were a pretty smart looking outfit—the



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Master, huntsman, two whips, and two second-horsemen all mounted on chestnut horses with banged tails. They were all of one type, and most of them three-quarters bred.

We had a good season's hunting with very little frost and accounted for twenty brace of foxes. We found straight-necked ones, and others that ran in circles. It is often said that the average Irish fox does not run as straight as does the English fox. I fancy the Irish fox is more tame than his cousin owing to fewer gamekeepers, or it may be that the great banks the Irish fox has to face disconcert him. We had good days, and poor ones, but very few that were blank.

My Diary reads:

"*January 3rd.* Met at Four Cross Roads, drew the Poorhouse Spinney. Found a straight-necked fox that gave us a four-mile point and then suddenly disappeared. Lane tried in every direction without result. No earth or drain to be found. I then noticed that one of the bitches kept going back to an old leaning oak tree in the corner of the field. I rode over to have a look at it. I found the oak had evidently been struck by light-

ning, and was hollow and quite rough and rotten inside. After an examination of the tree I looked up and saw the fox sitting in the elbow of a branch calmly watching the proceedings. As I do not believe in mobbing foxes I had the hounds called off. The bloodthirsty members of the field were disgusted. They were pacified, however, when we soon had another fox afoot."

## XVII

THERE were many large salmon in the Shannon during the following spring and summer. I usually fished the Coosorn Pool. It was the nearest water to Gridale, and, being some two miles below the main Killaloe stretch, was seldom fished by others. Bonvoy and Pot Hole were above the island. Bonvoy was opposite Fort Henry, and was about 300 yards long. It was probably the best pool on the river. On the Tipperary side there were two deep pools, Polutha and Cleave, and just below them The Fole, very good water.

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Then came Isle Rhu where there were always salmon to be found. Above again were the Meadows and the Wall pools. Fish did not often take well here, and I could never fathom the reason why this was. At the top of the Killaloe water was the celebrated Mill pool. It was 150 yards long, and deep. At its lower end there were large, sunken boulders where you and your salmon often parted company. It was here in this pool that an angler one spring took 122 salmon that weighed 2586 pounds, and 28 grilse. The salmon included two of 40 and 42 pounds, and 25 fish from 35 to 38 pounds each.

I never did anything like that, but did land a 40 and a 35 one morning in Coosorn. This fishing was done from a boat, and was fly fishing only.

All that lovely water has been destroyed by the great Power Dam, and the famous Killaloe fishing on the Shannon is now but a dream of the past.

Charles did not come to Ireland during the summer, much to the regret of Aunt Barbara, and perhaps to my relief, for I was too busy to talk sentiment and I hated to be obliged to hurt his

feelings. The War Office had kept him in London. So many of his regiment had gone to South Africa that they were short of officers, and he had to do double duty. He wrote often and seemed to be more cheerful. Captain Lovat had gone to the war, and was a Rider for a prominent General. We seldom heard from my father, as his command was up country.

The summer passed with the usual routine, salmon fishing and later the fitting of horses and hounds for the coming season. The war dragged on, and every one seemed to be depressed.

## XVIII

**I**FANCY most hunting seasons are more or less alike — good, bad, and indifferent scent, straight-necked foxes and others that refuse either to run straight, or to go far from their home woods.

We went on our way rejoicing until just before Christmas, when Tom Lane the huntsman, as bad luck would have it, had a bad fall and broke



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his leg. This was followed by ten days of hard frost. We were at a loss to know what to do. The two whips were too young and inexperienced to hunt hounds. Lane and Gibbons both insisted that I should undertake the task, but this I was very loath to do. I knew nothing about hunting hounds. I had of course my theories as to how it should be done, but it was quite another matter to put those theories into practice. As there seemed to be no other outlook if the hunting was to continue, I reluctantly assumed the new duty of carrying the horn and hunting my own hounds.

I passed hours by Lane's bedside receiving instructions which reduced to a few words were: "Leave the hounds alone as much as possible, do not bother them. Trust to the reliable ones, such as Vanity and Crasher. They are seldom wrong. If hounds are absolutely at fault, think quickly, make up your own mind as to where and in what direction the fox has probably gone, then act accordingly, and at once. A huntsman is intended to hunt with hounds, not for them."

I absorbed all this and then read Beckford. In



fact I studied all the literature I could find on the subject. The most interesting document I found was "Foxhounds and their Handling in the Field," by Lord Henry Bentinck. This was the best advice for a novice or for an old hand, and I learned it by heart.

What bothered me most was the hunting horn. The noises I made were weird and strange. The hounds cocked their heads when they first heard my dulcet tones, but after a bit they became accustomed to the change from real music to jazz, and finally seemed to enjoy it. I was very nervous the first day, but as the hounds knew me well, and were fond of me, they gave me but little trouble. Having the good luck to kill my first fox gave me confidence and saved the situation.

I continued as huntsman to the end of the season. I received many compliments, and was told I had provided first class sport. It was a delightful experience, and taught me much concerning the art of fox hunting, the difficulties a huntsman has, and the allowances that must be made for supposed mistakes in judgment.

My Diary reads:

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*"February 6th.* Meet at Shamrock Inn. Drew New Gorse. Found a fox at once. We had a long, slow hunt. Scent poor. Matters changed in Long Wood, foxes perhaps also, for scent improved suddenly. A fox left the wood with hounds close to him. He took us on a merry dance straight east into Tipperary, and into a country I did not know. After a time we reached a large covert which the hounds hardly entered, but skirted and then bore sharply to the right. When I emerged from the corner of the wood what was my surprise at seeing a pack of at least 35 couple of hounds in full cry. We killed about two miles farther on. I then appreciated what had happened. The local pack — The Thurlow — had been quietly drawing the wood when our hounds entered it, and they had joined ours before their hunt servants could prevent them from doing so.

"When the Thurlow huntsman came up he said, 'How are we ever to separate these two packs of hounds?'

"I said, 'I will have no trouble with my lot.' I mounted my horse, trotted about twenty yards

to one side, sounded my individual and absurd 'Come Away' notes on my horn, and every one of my hounds came to me at once. I waved my hand to the surprised huntsman and puzzled spectators and started on my long jog home to the kennels."

An amusing episode happened one day out hunting. When the Boer war was declared cavalry officers became in great demand, for the War Office knew that every Boer owned a horse, so that the conflict would be a mobile one. Almost all the efficient cavalry officers that were stationed in Ireland at the time succeeded in their desire to be sent to the front, and their places were filled by ex-officers who rejoined the service for the duration of the war.

A troop of Hussars was left in Limerick to keep the peace, and it was commanded by Major Blair who had been retired owing to an accident out hunting which had shortened his right leg. He walked with great difficulty, but once on a horse he was better than most men. He was a fine soldier, and had a young and pretty wife.

The chief actor in the episode was a young

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subaltern who related the following story. A couple of months after the declaration of war he was sent from the Cavalry School to join the troop at Limerick. When he arrived he found his military kit had not turned up, so thought he would not report at the barracks at once, but indulge in a day's hunting with the Limerick Hounds.

He was advised to look for a mount at Kerrigan's Yard. Here he found Mike Kerrigan, who was a smooth-tongued Irishman and a picture of fun to look at. He had red hair and chop whiskers, wore brown cords with leather leggings on his bandy-legs, and on the side of his head sat a brown bowler. He produced a good looking young bay horse. The officer, having felt the hunter's neck, was a bit doubtful as to the horse's condition. He asked Kerrigan if the animal had ever seen oats?

The dealer replied, "Shure, he has been fed oats ever since he was weaned."

The following morning the sport loving young man started for the meet which was some five miles away. As Irish miles never seem to end, he



had to hustle, but arrived on time with a leg-weary horse.

They pottered about during the first part of the day, but finally the fox went away from the wood.

He found his horse with the courage of youth would face anything, but now and then did not seem to know where to place his feet on the banks he had to jump. It was also evident that he lacked condition, for he changed his feet and shortened his stride when galloping. Our friend soon found himself at the tail-end of the hunt.

As he approached a tall, upstanding bank, with a ditch on the far side, he was surprised at seeing a strange object in a pink coat doing a dot-and-go-one along the top of the wide bank, apparently trying to find a way of descent from his high estate. Our friend's horse jumped short, stumbled on top of the bank and gave him a hard fall into the next field. He picked himself up and tried to collect his wits, for he was dazed by his fall. He found a bay horse standing nearby with a twist of the reins around a fore leg. He disentangled the reins, mounted, adjusted the stirrups and followed



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the hunt. He now found that his mount had been greatly improved by the fall. He galloped freely and jumped with precision. It was not long, however, before the hounds ran into their fox and killed.

As he was about to dismount a very well mounted and pretty lady rode up and said, "Where is my husband? I see you have his horse."

His first thought was how could Kerrigan ever have won so lovely a wife? He then said, "I left him at the Mews in Limerick where I jobbed this hunter."

She said, "You did what? That horse belongs to my husband, Major Blair, who commands the troop at Limerick."

The young man then noticed that the horse he was on had a breastplate — his mount had none. He tried to explain his dilemma, and who he was, with many apologies. Just then a man in a mud-bespattered pink coat, with a one eyeglass in his eye, and riding a lame horse, joined them. When he saw a stranger mounted on his stolen hunter, talking to his wife, his face became red with rage,

and the language he used could not be repeated in polite society.

His wife pacified him by announcing that the guilty one was the expected subaltern. The Major then offered his hand and said, "A fellow officer can do no wrong. If you had reported on your arrival at the barracks as you should have done, my boy, the *contretemps* would not have happened for I would have given you a mount today. When I climbed down with great difficulty from the bank, my horse had disappeared. I found this one in the ditch and had the devil of a time getting him out. He is lame from an overreach."

## XIX

LATER in the spring we heard the sad news that my father had fallen, the victim of a Boer bullet in a skirmish before Ladysmith. He was deeply mourned by both Aunt Barbara and me. My aunt never recovered from the blow. She was in very delicate health at the time, and she simply pined away and quietly died. Her brother and she had

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lived together for so many long years, and they had always been such devoted friends that it broke her heart to lose him. During the last weeks of her life she used to lie on a *chaise longue*, wrapped in a *pelisse* of grey velvet lined with *petit gris*, looking for all the world like the pictures one sees of Voltaire in his old age.

My father left me his fortune and Grisdale as well and all that went with it. The pack of hounds and the kennels went to the County, and became a Subscription Hunt with Captain Trotter as Master.

Aunt Barbara left her money to Charles, so we were both well provided for. Charles came to Ireland when he heard that Aunt Barbara was very ill, and his devotion to her, and kindness and attention to me, quite won my heart.

Some days after my aunt's funeral Charles read me a letter, or part of one, that he had received from London. It said that Guy Lovat had been invalided home, a Major, and that his fiancée, Miss Gaunt, was nursing him back to life. I said, "Why, how nice. I must write and congratulate them."

Then Charles said, "Diana, why did you not accept Guy?"

I replied, "Because he never asked me."

"And do you regret it, Diana?"

"No," I said, "not as long as I have you to look forward to, Charles dear."

I have never regretted those words, nor can I ever forget the look that came into those fond, brown eyes.

We were married in the village church by Father Cassidy on my twenty-first birthday. Gibbons and McIntosh were the witnesses. I became Mrs. Charles Coppinger. After a few days at Grisdale we went to London to await the end of the war.

When peace had been declared, and the aftermath of the war had been cleared up, Charles resigned from the Guards and we started on our honeymoon around the world. I knew Dublin and London only.

We journeyed by the way of Paris, Munich, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Athens to Constantinople. From there we went to Cairo and up the Nile, on through



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India, floated down the Vale of Kashmir in a houseboat, and sailed through the Malay Islands. Here I was enchanted by the Island of Bali. This island is just east of Java and is about one hundred miles long. Its people are a finer race than the Javanese and are most engaging. The flora of Bali is most interesting, for it is the dividing line that demarcates the plant life of Asia from that of Australia. I regretted greatly leaving the island. We then traveled on through China and Japan. Many strange things happened, but as I took no notes the details are difficult to remember. I recall, however, asking a Japanese nobleman if they had proverbs in the Japanese language? He replied that they had many, and very appropriate ones. I then asked if they had one like "Penny wise and pound foolish?"

He replied, "Our equivalent for that is, 'The man who goes to bed early to save candles begets twins!'"

From Japan we crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, visited lovely Southern California, the Grand Cañon, Chicago, and New York. Here we received bad news. The Sinn Feiners had been run-



ning amuck in Limerick. All hunting had been stopped, and Gridale had been burned to the ground. They had, however, been sportsmen enough not to destroy the stables, so the horses had been saved. It made me sad to think of the destruction of the priceless old furniture in the drawing room, but what was worse was the loss of the sporting library. A full collection of the Stud Book, of Racing Calendars and the Sporting Magazine, besides hundreds of other books on sport which could not be replaced.

Why they destroyed our house I never could find out. We were good Roman Catholics and had never been absentee landlords. It appeared to be wanton destruction, and it disgusted me with Ireland.

On our arrival in England we looked about for a home and finally settled in the Blackmoor Vale, as the fences there resemble Irish ones, and were suited to our horses. We sent for Gibbons and the hunters, and pensioned McIntosh.

Charles hunts five days a week, but I am not as prominent now in the hunting field as I once was. Babies and the consequent added *avoirdu pois*

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have made me more cautious, but I can still enjoy a good day's hunting.

I find I ended my Diary the night before I was married, and I am impressed by the confidence of my youth, for the final lines read,

“I shall always be as happy as I am now. What a delightful thought!”



IV

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON HUNTING





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## XX

THE ideal Master of Hounds must be a many-sided man in order to succeed in the task he has to perform. In the first place, he should be a gentleman, and not a Jorrocks. He must be urbane as well as austere. It is also necessary that he should be a general and a diplomat as well. His eye must be that of an eagle, and although he may have a temper, it should be under complete control. Anthony Trollope says, "A master of hounds who can enforce his influence without swearing is a great man."

Added to these qualifications, the Master must have the respect of the hunt servants and full authority over them. He must ride sufficiently well to live with hounds, and be with them under all circumstances.

I will not comment upon the financial question, for it is a wide subject that begins with those Masters who own their own hounds and defray the

entire expenses of the hunt, and ends with the Master of a small subscription pack. The former may be criticized by his field, but it is done gently, and with discretion, for they are his guests. The lot of the latter is not nearly so pleasant. The smallest subscriber considers that he owns a large share in the establishment, and that he has the right not only to criticize but also to give advice.

In the case where the legitimate Master also hunts the hounds, his other duties are usually assigned to a Field Master. These duties, under the circumstances, are far from pleasant ones, for it takes a very clever man to fill the position with success, and be able to enforce the necessary authority.

The Master has many outside duties to perform. He must administer his country properly, make friends of the farmers, and pacify old ladies for the loss of pet hens. Both he and his huntsman must know every earth-stopper in the country, and where they are to be found when wanted.

The world renowned Firr, Gillard, and the Goodalls were born huntsmen, which means that no man can become supreme in any profession

without an inborn ability to acquire knowledge, and the common sense to profit by his own mistakes.

The chief qualifications for a huntsman are patience and a love for foxhounds. He must also have enthusiasm, for if he does not show a delight in fox hunting his hounds become listless; and under no circumstance must he lose his temper.

It is often said that more foxes are killed during the summer than during the hunting season. This means that the huntsman has much hard work to do in the summer time. He has to kennel break the new entry, and later to instruct them concerning the quarry they are to hunt, and correct all riot. What is of the greatest importance is the condition of the pack at the opening meet in November. They must be well, hard, and fit to stand a long day's hunting and return home with their sterns up. The desired condition depends upon proper summer feeding, and at least eighty miles of road work a week at six miles an hour, and, what is most important, a thorough cub-hunting season in the late summer and early autumn.

It is wise, in order to get a good start with the

fox and with the hounds well together, to draw the woodlands up-wind, but to prevent chopping foxes small coverts may be drawn down-wind. A covert should be approached slowly, so as to allow the hounds to enter together with their mouths shut. "A fox well found is a fox half killed."

If a fox runs up-wind when first found, and later turns, he seldom if ever turns again.

The whip should be used as sparingly as possible, the horn also.

The huntsman should be a good horseman, and on the best of terms with his mount. If a member of the hunt falls, or is thrown out, it is his personal misfortune, but if it happens to the huntsman it is a public calamity, and may mean the losing of the fox, or the marring of the day's sport. He must therefore ride the easiest and shortest line that is possible, and save his horse. He should ride not far from the running pack on the down-wind side, with his eye on the leading hounds, for it is absolutely necessary that he should mark the exact spot where the hounds lose the scent. This requires keen sight. He should not assist them except as a last resort, but allow them to puzzle out



#### AFTERTHOUGHTS ON HUNTING

and pick up the line themselves. His is the position of the consulting doctor who is called in to diagnose a critical case. It is the hounds not the huntsman that have to find, hunt, and kill their fox, and they should be interfered with as little as possible.

If in the end he goes to their assistance he must already have made up his mind in which direction the fox has gone. He must keep his hounds well in front of him and help them in such a manner that they do not know they are being helped, but think they are acting for themselves. He should try to recover the scent at the nearest point to where he thinks it was lost, and resist the temptation to strike the line farther on, casting in circles to the right or left, trying, up-wind first, and coming back to the original spot where the fox was lost. This tries the huntsman's greatest virtue — patience; for it cannot be done in a haphazard manner, but must be accomplished scientifically, and the pace varied according to the quality of the scent — very slowly if the scent is poor.

What puzzled me most was the question of



scent, and it puzzles me still, as it does every one who is connected with hunting and with hounds. It is the question of the why and wherefore of hours and days of good scent, and the days and hours of poor scent, or no scent at all. It resembles the salmon fisherman's many wonderings as to where the salmon go when they leave a river, and where they dwell when in the sea.

There are many thoughts and many superstitions on these baffling subjects. When scent is good, and a hound does not have to stoop to it, it is called "breast high scent." There is no kind of weather during which scent may or may not exist. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky" sounds well in the poem, but there is often a better scent with a clear north wind. Moisture in the soil is better than moisture in the air. A mild day without sun or wind is usually best for hunting. In a white frost scent lies high, and it is often very good after a light fall of snow. During a heavy rain, scent is apt to be poor in the woodlands.

It is a well known fact that, under certain conditions on a still day, smoke and also scent will lie close to the ground, while on just the same ap-

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pearing day, smoke will ascend directly, likewise scent.

It is also well known that if you wish to keep a small pet dog sweet smelling, you must keep its ears clean, otherwise it will smell of the dog, doggy. Does this happen with foxes? I never examined a live fox's ears!

The fox is known to have a body-scent and a pad-scent. A stag sweats like a horse, so the farther a hunted stag runs the more scent it leaves, but a fox like a dog sweats through the mouth, and the longer it runs the fainter becomes the scent.

The body-scent of a fox is supposed to accumulate when it lies curled up and asleep, yet I have seen a sleeping fox leave its lair and simply trot quietly away from hounds, apparently well aware that it was leaving no trail. I have also seen a fox under the same circumstances go away leaving a burning scent. Does this depend on the length of time that the fox was asleep, or on the condition of the soil and atmosphere only? It is quite evident that a fox knows when it leaves a dangerous scent, and when it is so poor that it need not hurry.

I do not believe in the theory, expounded in Masefield's poem "Renard the Fox," that foxes are in mortal terror when hunted. The fox is a wild animal, brought up from cubhood with the knowledge that it must hunt and be hunted, and thoroughly enjoys both.

Wild animals express great caution and timidity, but do not seem to expect or fear death. I never saw a fox, unless completely exhausted, or taken by surprise, that did not die game. All wild animals have tragic deaths, for when they grow weak and old they are usually destroyed by some beast that is stronger than they. It is very seldom that one finds the remains of a wild animal that has died a natural death, excepting frozen or starved deer.

The fox has good courage. I have seen a fox, with its back to the wall, stand off a whole pack of hounds, and if you watch hounds kill you will find that it is usually done by strategy. One leading hound courses the fox, and, when it turns to defend itself, another hound will bowl it over.

We had a hound at one time named Grasper, a leading hound that had an extraordinary burst of

## AFTERTHOUGHTS ON HUNTING

speed when he really sighted a fox. He would race ahead leaving the pack as if standing still, grab the fox and roll over and over with it. His ears were torn into ribbons from the death holds of his victims. I never saw but this one hound that had the courage, energy, and reserve speed to do this trick.

The theory that doghounds, out of sentiment, will not hunt a vixen that is in cub is absurd. It is simply that nature wisely makes a vixen scentless at such moments.

If a hunted fox is coursed by a cur dog, or suddenly frightened by man, scent will almost totally disappear for a time. How this happens has never been explained, but it is probably caused by sudden fright.

I learned all these things in time, and was greatly intrigued by the vagaries of scent.

## XXI

TROLLOPE says the hunting field consists of "those who go out to get the greatest quantity of



riding, and those whose object is to get the least." I classify the active members of the field into those who ride to hunt, and those who hunt to ride. The latter take little interest in hounds, and often do not know whether they are hunting or not. Then there is a large class who hunt for exercise or fresh air, others in order to "coffee-house" or improve their social positions. There are men who hunt chiefly to jump, and many others who never jump a fence under any circumstance. These latter know every highroad and every byroad in the country, and they hunt to watch others enjoy themselves. This latter contingent does not exist in Ireland, for there are no bridle gates, and the boreens are as hard as flint.

If you wish to be a good man to hounds you should never ride in their wake, but well to one side with your eyes on the leading hounds. When they turn, turn with them. If they throw up their heads, retire gracefully. If you can live with hounds in this manner over six miles or more of a grass country, you will enjoy the keenest pleasure known to man.



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